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THE LANDLUBBERS

BY GERTRUDE KING

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I.

The warning bugle had sounded for e last time; the last farewells, eery, affectionate, formal, sad, were ished, and the great ship seemed quiver at her dock like a bird poised r flight. At last her decks were eared of all save sea-bound folk, d, with a motion at first scarcely rceptible, she slid down the river, e beating of her engines, like the robbing of a new-born heart, grow- stronger with every turn of the rews till, as she glided into the outh of the bay, I felt rather than eard the steady, vigorous beat which spires the new traveler and reassures e old with the knowledge that his ce is set at last toward the wide aches of the open sea.

Feeling very lonely and a little sad, left the deck and went below to my bin, which by an unusual piece of od fortune I was not obliged to are, and busied myself in unpacking e few and simple belongings in my eamer trunk. For me there had been farewells, no gifts of fruit or wine flowers. It was my first voyage—it were to prove my last it would atter little to anyone, and least of I gloomily meditated, to myself. ow that I was really "off," the action from the glow of making ady set in, and I felt melancholy ough to creep into my berth and y. But I forced back the tears, and, anding before my little mirror, shook y fist at the small, pale, quivering ce I saw reflected.

"Brace up, you goose!" I whispered grily. "After you've pinched and raped and slaved for six years to ke this trip are you going to flop ow? Oh, all right—go ahead—cry you feel like it; only do remember at there's nothing to prevent your rning right round at Southampton d sailing straight back! You can ll up the summer by taking a 'course' mewhere to let you down easy into ur lifework when the schools open the fall! There—that's better—lit- e wider smile, please—an, that's all ght! Now for the deck!"

I had befooled myself into laughter, d was still smiling as I slipped on y long cloak, pinned my cap securely my hair, and, catching up a rug, rned the handle of the stateroom or. At the same instant it was rned from without, and the door ng open so violently that I had rely time to fling myself back ainst the berths to avoid a hurt. In e doorway stood a tall man, whose le face twitched and whose dark s were glazed and fixed. He tched the framework of the door th both hands and stood swaying.

"Mus' pardon me," he said thickly; ave made mistake. Thought 'twas was my room."

I was not experienced in such mat- s, but I could not help seeing that, ough a man of unmistakable breed- g, he was for the moment very, very unk. "You have made a mistake," firmly replied, "this is my room."

He leaned comfortably against the tel and smiled. "Awf'lly sorry!" he murmured. "Wouldn't 'a' done such thing f'r worl's—not f'r worl's, I ure you! 'Pon my word 'n' honor s not my fault—all Champion's fault. 'gaged room 'n' tol' me t' r'mem- r third passage from end—tha's very ords—third passageway from end. oeshion is——" he waggled an un- eady forefinger at me—"which end! you know which end?"

It was an intolerable situation. His assive frame quite filled the small orway so that there was no passing m; people were beginning to go to nd fro along the corridor, and I didn't ish to be seen to begin my voyage th a tete-a-tete with a drunken anger. "I do not know," I answered ietly. "Will you kindly go away at ce?"

"Why 'f course!" he pleasantly re- ined. "Only lingered to 'splain plain stupid mistake 'f Champion's awf'lly sorry—awf'lly——"

Someone, coming behind him, asped his arm with a firm hand. Come, Mr. Darragh, come, sir, please. our room is farther on."

"Why, it's Champion!" cried Mr. arragh with a joyous burst of laugh- r; "good—good ol' Champion! Al- ays 'round when you want him an' ver when you don't——"

"Come along, please, sir, do!" plead e valet.

Mr. Darragh unsteadily patted the oulder of his loyal servitor. "D' you ow what he r'minds m' of? 'Abra'— u know, 'Abra' in poem writt'n— itt'n by—f'rget's name. An' that rhymes—'Abra was ready ere I led 's name, 'n' when I called other, Abra—Abra——" He became rgue and sleepy. Champion gave arm a twitch, detaching him suddenly that he lurched and s saved from a fall partly his servant's adroitness and rtly by his own swaying and marvel- s dexterity.

"Come, brace up, sir, do!" Champion arply commanded.

"Why, yes—comin' right along! Only pped to 'pologize to lady.' He allow- himself to be led to the end of the le passage, then broke away and led back. "Mus' 'pologize for Cham- n," he began confidentially. "He's od man, bes' man ever had—but got le ill fallin'—drinks, Champion does— inks t' excess—bad, bad thing drink excess." He stood swaying, shaking s head with grave indignation tem- ered with pity for Champion's weak- ss. I cut him short by closing the or, but I could not avoid hearing his passioned appeal to Champion to er up and return to apologize, bear- g with him a sacrificial offering of rapefruit.

As soon as the way was clear I went deck. The shores of the harbor had ded to a pale gray-green, and the p had begun to roll, gently, regu- , with the swing of the deep sea's ess unrest. The air was blood- d and heavily laden with the tang of . The sun glittered and gleamed on the long, slow ripples, so lazy that y looked almost solid, like the car- and polished wonder of jade.

leaned against the rail, revelling in beauty that lay about me. The ks were crowded, but I was newly ot in the spell of the sea, and heard thing till voices, very near, broke in on my peace with a name I vaguely ew.

"Darragh's on board, did you know

"Which Darragh? Ben or Dick?"

The voices were those of two men of iddle age, and they were speaking ter the manner of old acquaintances, th frequent pauses and abrupt trans- ons.

"My word! There's Fennick! Which arragh? Oh, Dick. I saw his man just now. He said something about 'Mr. Darragh's coming on deck presently'—but, of course, he won't! I've crossed four times with Dick Darragh, and I never saw him set foot outside his statroom till we were in sight of land. Funny thing how he came to brace up in a flash and not show a trace of what he's put himself through. He must have a constitution of iron."

The elder man shook his head. "Poor fellow—poor fellow! When I think what he might have made of himself—I've known him all his life, remember."

"Yes—and he's a good sort, poor chap! Look off there—straight ahead—doesn't that look like fog?"

It was a fog, a thick, white cloud of mist which crept toward the ship like an army of malignant spirits. It wrapped us in a chill gray embrace, lying slimily upon the decks, clinging in the hair, stinging the cheek, choking the throat, clothing us in a specious, chilly splendour of tiny pearls. It surrounded us, pressed us hard, dominated us, forcing us into a wet, white wilderness from which both sea and sky were shut out. We could not even make out the firm line of the ship beyond a man's length on either side, and people came and went through a curtain of pale, velvet, which was lifted as quickly as it fell.

It was very still; the engines throbbed heavily, for we were going at so slow a pace that we heard the sullen, frustrate wash of the eager sea along the ship's sides. People spoke low, for a shrill tone, a loud laugh, jarred like a false note in a measured, sombre tune.

And then I heard, for the first time, the fog-horn. It's mighty note thrilled through the whole vast bulk of the ship, vibrating along every plank and plate. It caught me up, held me, and my puny dread of the danger and mystery of the fog was seized and intermingled with the one great, moaning song of warning and appeal.

The fog stayed with us all that day, and when I awoke next morning the glass of the port-hole was still rimy. I flunk it open, but could see nothing but the same deep cloud of mystery. Deep down, directly below, I could make out the sullenness of gray-green waves, but there was no stretch of sea, no sky, no air—nothing but the fog, whose fragile, misty tyranny must, it seemed, be rent and destroyed by the masterful, persistent boom of the great horn.

I was dressing after my bath when the stewardness knocked. "Only to see if you wanted anythink, miss. Ladies sometimes do for the first day or so. But you're a pretty sailor, it seems."

"The sea is surely too smooth for anyone to be sick!"

She shrugged. "That hasn't much to do with it, miss. There's some would be ill, I fancy, of they but read the shipping news in the 'Erald! I wouldn't tyke any chances, miss—let me bring you some 'ot cawfee before you go on deck."

"Please do."

When she came back with the coffee she was still chatty. "Not much of a run to be myde today, I'm thinkin'!"

"A—run?" I wondered innocently.

"The run of the ship, miss—the distance she goes."

"Oh!"

She was deftly hooking me up. "And a plenty of money lost—and won. For why people will fancy there's top speed on at a time like this I don't know!"

I questioned her till the whole process of the betting was clear to my unsophisticated, middle western mind. Some people, the stewardess explained, made as much as six or eight hundred pounds—more than twice as much as my modest letter of credit!

I began to muse, and breakfasted, hardly knowing why or what I ate, and settled myself afterward in my steamer chair utterly absorbed in a reckless, glorious dream. Suppose that I were to make six or eight hundred pounds! And I might make even more. It would mean two—three—years of liberty, of wandering; the close schoolroom, stuffy with the atmosphere of 50 unwashed children, receded to an immeasurable distance. Three years more of life, of the heart of this new, wonderful, pulsating, alluring world—after that, I told myself, I would go back to Public School No. 18, of Carsonville, Illinois, to the rooms of the third grade, to the fly-specked photogravures of the Botticelli Madonna, and the Horse Fair, and Stuart's Washington, and all my other pitiful attempts to uplift my little beasts and lead them to a higher and nobler perception of life—as if anything could!

Quite alone in strange surroundings, the vision intoxicated me, fevered me. I spent the morning musing, gloating in anticipation, as we crept on through the heavy mist. It was chilly on deck, but I did not feel cold. I was dominated by a passion mingled of hope, dread, reckless daring.

The woman in the steamer chair next to mine spoke to me with a suddenness which might have revealed that she had been watchin me for some time. "It will be a pity if this keeps up, won't it?"

"Why?" I asked stupidly.

"It will keep us out so long." She was very pretty and modish, and her smile was friendly.

"I shouldn't mind how long we were out—should you?"

"Oh, but you're perhaps a better sailor than I. This"—she nodded toward the white veil that wrapped the ship—"will keep the sea quiet for the time—but afterward? Oh, good gracious!" She laughed, but grew serious again, adding. "Besides, I'm afraid—"

"Of the fog?"

"Of what it may hide. There—listen!" Faint and far away—from whence I could not tell—another fog-horn moaned a despairing answer to ours. "That's another ship—but the bother is, you see, that we can't tell where she is, nor how to get away from her. You can't tell from the sound; it seems all about you. And the ice! That's the worst of all, for it carries no horns whatever—and no red and green lights! But please forgive me for telling you what you already know."

"But I don't know! It—it's my first voyage, and I'm very ignorant."

"Really?" said she, and gave me a long, friendly look. Like the little inexperienced fool I was, I began to talk—not at first, though, about myself. I managed to lead the talk up to the betting on the ship's runs, for this lady appeared so experienced and so friendly that I could not let her wisdom go by me. She seemed at first inclined to put me off, but I was already on fire with the gambler's fever, and would not be silenced.

"Oh, we'll talk about it later!" said she sweetly, rising from her chair. "It will soon be lunch time, and I must go and do something with my hair, so au revoir! Oh, by the way, my name is Gately, Mrs. Gately, and I warn you!—I live in Harlem!"

"And my name," I laughed back, "is Harding, Paulina Harding, and I live in Carsonville, Illinois!"

"You mean you did live there!" replied my new acquaintance saucily, and left me.

After luncheon I found myself very sleepy, so instead of returning to the deck I went to my stateroom, wrapped myself in a warm kimono, and fell asleep. I was awakened late in the afternoon by a knocking at my door. Before I had time to rouse myself thoroughly the door was opened, and Mrs. Gately, carefully dressed, and perfumed like a flower, fluttered into my room and perched herself on the divan.

"I'm sorry if I woke you," she said brightly. "I didn't know you were here—I didn't, indeed. I meant only to leave these." "These" were a large box of bonbons. "I thought," she brightly explained, "that as you seem to be a sort of a sailor you wouldn't be afraid of them. I confess that I shouldn't dare touch them."

I was now thoroughly awake, and, sitting up in the narrow berth, I began to gather up my hair. "It's awfully kind of you. I give you my word I'm not the least afraid of them!"

She had risen, laughing. "Oh, just wait till we get into some real weather! What yards of hair you've got! Well, good?bye—"

"Oh, don't go!" I cried. "I'm so very lonely—and, we can have tea in here, can't we, if you ring?"

"Of course we can." She rang, and sat down again. "It will be as cosy as cosy!"

We had tea, and we talked. As I remember it, Mrs. Gately at first talked more than I; afterward, I talked more than Mrs. Gately. In spite of my 26 years I was very young, very inexperienced, very confiding; I had not yet, in the long, narrow groove of my days, rounded the curve which would bring me under the tempering blow of life. She soon knew, for I poured it all out, how I hated the thought of going back; how I hated my school and all the chaste amenities of Carsonville, Illinois; how I longed for the money which would bring me another year or two of liberty. I recklessly spoke of what the stewardess had told me, of the people who had won six or eight hundred pounds through betting on the ship's run.

Here Mrs. Gately frowned. "Oh, my dear, be careful. Why, you know it's—it's gambling!"

"I know! I know!" I said impatiently; "but I don't care!"

"But women can't do these things!"

"Can't they? Well, I can!"

"But how?" Mrs. Gately gently queried.

I was not utterly reckless. "There's the steward—I suppose he'll know! I've a letter of credit for four hun-

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Proves Useful in Moor War

The Spanish war balloon Jupiter, shown captive in the upper picture, being made ready for an ascension. In the lower picture the balloon corps is seen in action as "up she goes!" The usefulness of the boloon in war has been demonstrated in the present campaign of the Spanish troops against the Riffs, about Melilla.

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK AND MRS. COOK.

DR. COOK'S THRILLING STORY OF ADVENTURE

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

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BY DR. FREDERICK A. COOK

The ice about was much disturbed and numerous black lines of water opened on every side, from which oozed jets of frosty steam. The great difference between the temperature of the sea and that of the air made a contrast of 76 degrees, and the open spots of ice water appeared to be boiling.

Anxious to move along away from the troubled angle of ice, the usual breakfast was simplified. Melting some snow, we poured down the icy liquid as an eye opener and then began at the half pound bowlder of pemmican, but with cold fingers, blue lips and no possible shelter, the stuff was unusually hard.

To warm up, the sleds were prepared, and under the lash the dogs jumped into harness with a bound. The pemmican, somewhat reduced with the ax, was ground under the molars as we went along. The teeth were thus kept from chattering and the stomach was fired with durable fuel.

As we advanced the ice improved to some extent, and with a little search a safe crossing was found over all of the new crevices, though a strong westerly wind carried a piercing cold. Good progress was made, but we were not allowed to forget at any time that we were traveling the forbidden domain of polar environment.

The Bitter Cold.

In starting before the end of the winter night and camping on the open ice fields in the long northward march, we had first accustomed our eyes to a frigid darkness and then to a perpetual glitter with shivers. This proved to be the coldest season of the year. We should have been hardened to all kinds of Arctic torment, but man only gains that advantage when the pulse ceases to beat.

Far from land, far from other life, there was nothing to arouse a warming spirit. Along the land there had been calms and gales and an inspiring contrast, even in the dark days and nights, but here the frigid world was felt at its worst. The wind, which came persistently from the west—now strong, now feebly, but always sharp—inflicted a pain to which we never became accustomed.

The kind of torture most felt in this wind and humid air of an Arctic pack was a picturesque mask of ice about the face. Every bit of exhaled moisture condensed and froze, either to the facial hair or to the line of fox tails about the hood. It made a comical caricature of us.

The frequent turns in this course brought both sides to the wind and arranged a line of icicles from every hair offering a convenient nucleus. These lines of crystal offered a pleasing dash of light and color as we looked at each other, but they did not afford much amusement to the individual exhibiting them. Such hair as had not been pulled from the lips and the chin was first weighted, and then the wind carried the breath to the long hair with which we protected our heads and left a mass of dangling frost.

An Icy Coating.

Accumulated moisture from the eyes coated the eyelashes and brows. The humidity escaping under the chin, combined with falling breath, made a semi-circle of ice. The most uncomfortable icicles, however, were those that had formed on the coarse hair within the nostrils. It is to free the face of this that the Eskimos pull the facial hair out by the roots, hence the real poverty of mustaches and beards.

During two days of chilly bluster the sleds were forced along with encouraging results, and on the evening of March 26, with a pedometer and other methods of dead reckoning for position, we were placed at latitude 84 degrees 24 minutes, longitude 69 degrees 53 minutes. The western horizon remained persistently undisturbed. A brisk storm, it seemed, was gathering, but it was a long time in coming eastward. On the evening of the 26th we prepared for the blast and built the igloo stronger than usual, hoping that the horizon would be cleared by a good blow on the morrow and afford us a day of rest. The long, steady marches, without time for recuperation, had begun to check our enthusiasm.

In the daily monotony of hardship we had learned to appreciate more and more the joy of the sleeping bag. It was the only animal comfort which afforded a relief to our life of frigids, and with it we tried to force upon the weary body in the long marches a pleasing anticipation.

The Disrobing.

In the evening, after the blocks of snow walled a dome in which we could breathe quiet air, the blue flame lamp sang the notes of gastronomical delights. A heaven-given drink of ice water was first indulged in to quench the chronic thirst, and then the process of disrobing began one at a time, for there was not room for all to act at once.

The fur stuffed boots were pulled and the bearskin pants were stripped. Then half of the body was quickly pushed into the bag. A brick of pemmican was next taken out and the teeth were set to the grind of this bonelike substance. The appetite was always large, but a half pound of cold withered beef and tallow changes a hungry man's thoughts effectually.

The tea, an hour in making, was now ready and we rose on elbows to take it. Under the influence of the warm drink, the fur coat with its mask of ice was removed. Next the shirt with its ring of ice about the waist came off, giving the last sense of shivers. Pushing further into the bag, the hood was pulled over the face and we were lost to the world of ice.

The warm sense of mental and physical pleasure which follows is an interesting study. The movement of others, the sting of the air, the noise of torturing winds, the blinding rays of a heatless sun, the pains of driving snows and all the bitter elements were absent. The mind, freed of the agitation of frost, wandered to home and to better times under these peculiar conditions; there comes a pleasing sense with the touch of one's own warm skin, while the companionship of the arms and legs, freed of their cumbersome furs, makes a new discovery in the art of getting next to one's self.

In the Heart of a Storm.

On March 27 it blew half a gale at night, but at noon on the following day the wind eased. The bright sun and rising temperature were too tempting to remain quiescent, and though the west was still darkened by threatening clouds, the dogs were put to the sleds, and off they went among the wind-swept hummocks. We had not gone many miles before the first rush of a storm struck us. Throwing ourselves over the sleds, we waited the passing of the icy blast.

There was no suitable snow near to begin the erection of a shelter, but a few miles northward was a promising area for camp, and to this we hoped to take ourselves after a few moments' rest. The squall soon spent its force, and in the wind which followed good progress was made without suffering severely. The temperature was 41 and the barometer 29.05.

Once in moving order, the drivers required very little encouragement to prolong the effort to a fair day's march in spite of the weather. As the sun settled in the western gloom the wind increased its fury and forced us into camp. Before the gloom was finished a steady, rasping wind brushed the hummocks and piled up the snow in large dunes like the sands of home shores. The snow house was not cemented with water. The tone of the wind did not seem to indicate danger, and, furthermore, we were beginning to realize the great need of fuel economy. We therefore did not deem it prudent to use oil for the fire to melt snow, except to quench thirst.

Not particularly anxious about the outcome of the storm, and with senses blunted by overwork and benumbed with cold, we sought the comfort of the bags.

Awakened in the course of a few hours by drifts of snow about our feet, it was noted that the wind had burrowed holes in the weak spots through the snow wall. Still, we were bound not to be cheated out of a few hours' sleep, and with one eye open we turned over. Later was awakened by falling snow blocks.

Forcing my head out of the ice encased hood, I saw that the dome had been swept away and that we were being buried under a dangerous weight of snow. In some way I had tossed about sufficiently during sleep to keep on top of the accumulating drift, but my companions were out of sight, and did not respond to a loud call.

After a little search a blow-hole was located, and in response to another call came Eskimos shouts. Violent efforts were made to free their legs, but the snow settled on them tighter with each tussle.

I was surprised a few moments later as I was digging their breathing place open to feel them burrowing through the snow. They had entered the bag without undressing and half emerged with shirt and pants on, but with bare feet.

After a little more digging their boots were uncovered, and then, with protected feet, the bag was freed and placed to the side of the igloo. Into it the boys crept in full dress, except coats. I rolled out to their side in my bag.

View Scene of Crystal Glory.

The air came in hissing spouts, like jets of steam from an engine, but soon after noon of the 29th, the ice under

Continued on Page 7, First Column.

VAST SUMS SPENT BY THE WRIGHTS IN AERONAUTICS

There is nothing cheap about aeronautics, whether followed as a business or for amusement, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. It is not known what has been spent by the Wrights, the foremost American inventors, but it is estimated that it is not far from $100,000. And it may be said that no other inventor has had such returns for his investment as have these Wright brothers. They are practically the only Americans who have, to any extent, been reimbursed. From the Weiler syndicate they received $100,000, and $5,000 has been paid to them by the French government as an option on their machines.

And they still have a chance to get contracts with the English and German governments. Last year Wilbur Wright picked up the $4,000 cash prize that accompanied the Michelin trophy in making a flight of 2 hours 18 minutes and 32 seconds. They received from the government $25,000 for the flying machine delivered at Washington.

The only other inventor in this country to fly in a heavier-than-air machine is Glenn H. Curtiss, who recently came into prominence by his remarkable flights at Mincola, made in his machine, the Golden Filer, built for the Aeronautic society. Mr. Curtiss is one of the five men who composed the Aerial Experiment association, at the head of which was Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. The late Lieutenant Selfridge and two young Canadians, F. W. Baldwin and J. A. D. McCurdy, were the other members.

Dr. Bell has been experimenting with tetrahedral kites, and it was at the suggestion of Mrs. Bell that an association was formed. Four machines—the Red Wing, White Wing, June Bug and Silver Dart—were the outcome of the consolidation of talent. In the June Bug Glenn H. Curtiss won the Scientific American trophy, and with the Silver Dart McCurdy made some long flights in Canada. After one year the association disbanded, and it was estimated that $30,000 in cash had been spent.

A. M. Herring, another inventor whose interests have been united with those of Mr. Curtiss, has spent years and a good-sized fortune in his efforts to perfect the aeroplane. Mr. Herring built a machine for the government for which he was to receive $20,000 if it succeeded. Mr. Curtiss has the distinction of being the first inventor to sell and deliver an aeroplane in this country—the one purchased by the Aernautic society. The ideas of the two inventors are amalgamated in this machine, although it was ordered from Mr. Curtiss before the company was formed. He also won the first cash prize of $250 offered by Cortland Field Bishop.

It is said that Bleriot, who recently startled the aerial word by his daring flight across the English channel, has spent approximately $200,000. A few weeks ago he captured the $2,800 prize in a cross-country flight of 56 minutes, and he received the $25,000 offered by the Daily Mail for his channel feat. Bleriot, who has built 13 machines, is only 37 years old. He also received $10,000 of a special fund annually appropriated for scientific achievements.

Santos-Dumont, who has spent his large personal income on experiments, captured the $10,000 prize for circling Eiffel Tower. He has used both biplane and monoplane.

In his experiments Langley spent $50,000 appropriated by the government, besides much of his own money. Sir Hiram Maxim is said to have expended something like $150,000 of his money earned on other inventions. Lilienthal, Chanute, Ludlow and Pilcher have put large sums in gliders. Both Lilienthal and Pilcher lost their lives in making tests of their inventions, and Ludlow severely and permanently injured his back in a fall with a glider. Out of the vast experiments only a small number have accomplished flight in power-driven machines. Latham and Bleriot have made splendid records with monoplanes, and the Wrights, Delegrange, Santos-Dumont, Cody, Curtiss and Esnault-Petrie have successfully demonstrated the biplane. Not less than $50,000 has been spent at Morris park, where a number of inventors have their workshops. As yet, not one of these machines has flown.

Count Zeppelin is an illustration of what has been expended to perfect the airship. It is well known that he used $100,000 of his own money and $150,000 of that subscribed by the German public. Then there are the two Clement-Bayards, the Paris, La Patrie, the Ville de Nancy, La Republique, the Parseval, and others that represent vast sums. In this country, Captain Baldwin, Carl E. Myers and Strobel have been chief builders of the lighter-than-air craft. Captain Baldwin had the distinction of selling the government its first airship.

HALF A ROGUE

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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"It is fine. But Jack was always a thorough man. I don't blame you for loving him. I call him all sorts of names to Patty, and it is fun to watch her eyes flash."

Kate gave him a curious smile.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"You smiled."

"I had a happy thought."

"Probably about that house-broken John of yours."

"Who's calling John house-broken?" Patty stood in the doorway, the Angora struggling under her arm.

"Well, isn't he house-broken?" asked Warrington with gentle malice. "Gentle and warranted to stand?"

Patty, for reasons of her own, permitted him to believe that he succeeded in teasing her.

"Kate, let us be going. I can not listen to Mr. Warrington's remarks regarding my brother. He treats John as if he were a horse."

"Just as you say, dear. We shall punish Mr. Warrington by not making informal calls in the future."

"Wait till I get my hat," cried Warrington, "and I'll walk over to the house with you."

"If you do that," said Patty, "we shall be compelled to ask you to remain to dinner."

"Oh, I should refuse. I've a telephone engagement between 5 and 6."

"But we never serve dinner till 7," replied Patty, buttoning her coat austerely.

Kate laughed merrily.

"If you will ask me over to dinner," said Warrington, "I'll tell you a secret, a real dark political secret, one that I've promised not to tell a soul."

The two women stopped abruptly. The cast was irresistible, and they had to rise to it.

Yet Patty murmured: "How like a woman he is!"

"It simply shows what high regard I have for your discretion. It is a secret some men would pay a comfortable fortune to learn."

"Will you please come and dine with us this evening?" asked Patty.

"I shall be very happy."

"And now the secret," said Mrs. Jack.

"Between five and six I expect a call on the 'phone from Senator Henderson."

"Senator Henderson!" exclaimed the women in unison.

"I shall say but a single word. It will be yes."

"But the secret! Mercy alive, you are keeping us waiting!"

Warrington glanced around with mock caution. He went mysteriously to the portieres and peered into the hall; he repeated this performance at the dining room door, then turned, a finger upon his lips.

"Senator Henderson is looking for a candidate for mayor this fall. Mind, not a word to a soul, not even to John," this warning addressed principally to Mrs. Jack.

"The Honorable Richard Warrington," said Patty, musing. She rolled the words on her tongue as if testing the sound of them.

"That's it," laughed Warrington. "The Honorable Richard Warrington! —sounds like Lord Mayor of London!"

Every Eden has its serpent, sooner or later. Thus, having futilely tried the usual gates by which he enters Eden to destroy it, this particular serpent found a breach in the gate of politics.

CHAPTER VIII.

McQuade and Martin entered a cafe popular for its noon lunches. It was hot weather in July, and both were mopping their bald foreheads, their faces and necks. The white bulldog trotted along behind, his tongue lolling out of his mouth and his eyes heavy. The two men sat down in a corner under an electric fan; the dog crawled under the table, grateful for the cold stone tiling.

"What do you know about this fellow Warrington?" asked McQuade, tossing his hat on one of the unoccupied chairs.

"The fellow who writes plays?"

"Yes. What do you know about him?"

"Why, he used to peddle vegetables and now he owns a swell place on Williams street."

"Gamble?"

"Not that I know of. I never go into Pete's myself. It wouldn't be good business. But they tell me Warrington used to drop in once in a while, when he was a reporter, and choke his salary to death over the roulette table."

"Doesn't gamble now?"

"Not in any of the joints around town."

"Drink?"

"Oh, I guess he boozes a little; but he's hard-headed and knows how to handle the stuff."

"Women?—Roast beef, boiled potatoes and musty ale for two."

"Actresses—Say, make mine a beer. —A gay buck in New York, I understand. Used to chase around after the Challoner woman who married Bennington."

"Nothing here in town?"

"Haven't paid any attention to him. I guess he's straight enough these days."

"Tip Pete off today. The police will make a raid Saturday night. The ministers have been shouting again, and two or three losers have whined."

"All right. But what's all this about Warrington?" asked Martin, whose curiosity was aroused.

"I'll tell you later." The waiter returned with the platters of food, and McQuade ate without further comment or question.

Martin ate his meat in silence also, but he was busy wondering. Warrington? What had interested the boss in that swell? Humph!

These men ate quickly and digested slowly. McQuade took out two fat black cigars and passed one to Martin, who tore off the end with his teeth.

"I want to find out all there is to know about Warrington. I can't explain why just now; too many around."

"Set Bolles after him. Bolles used to be with a private detective bureau. If there's anything to learn, he'll learn it. There he is now. Hey, waiter, ask that gentleman looking for a vacant table to come over. Hello, Bolles!"

"How do you do, Mr. Martin. Hot day, Mr. McQuade."

"Sit down," said McQuade, with a nod of invitation toward the remaining vacant chair. "Cigar or a drink?"

"Bring me a little whisky—no, make it an old-fashioned cocktail. That'll be about right."

"Mr. McQuade has a job for you, Bolles, if you're willing to undertake it."

"I've got some time on my hands just now," replied Bolles. "Contract work?"

"After a fashion," said McQuade gfirmly. "Eat your dinner and we'll go upstairs to my office. What I have to say can't be said here."

"All right, Mr. McQuade. If it's dagos, I'll have plenty in hand in November."

"I shall want you to go to New York," said McQuade.

"New York or San Francisco, so long as some one foots the bills."

"I'll foot 'em," agreed McQuade. "Hustle your dinner. We'll wait for you at the bar."

Bolles ordered. A job for McQuade that took him to New York meant money, money and a good time. There were no more contracts till September, so the junket to New York wouldn't interfere with his regular work. He had sublet his Italians. He was free. A few minutes later he joined McQuade, and the trio went upstairs in a cloud of tobacco smoke. McQuade nodded to the typewriter, who rose and left the private office. The three men sat down, in what might be described as a one-two-three attitude: domination, facit acceptance of this domination, and servility.

"Do you know Richard Warrington, the playwriter?"

"That snob? Yes, I know who he is, and I'd like to punch his head for him, too."

McQuade smiled. This manifest rancor on Bolles' part would make things easier than he thought.

"Well, listen. I've just been tipped that big things are going to happen this fall. That fool Donnelly has queered himself, and is making a muddle of everything he touches. Senator Henderson is a shrewd man, but he wasn't shrewd enough this time. He should have conducted his little conspiracy in his own home and not at a club where servants often find profit in selling what they hear. Henderson is going to put Warrington up for mayor."

"The hell he is!" said Bolles.

Martin's jaw dropped, and the cigar ashes tumbled down his shirt bosom.

"It's no joke," went on McQuade. "If he is nominated, he'll win. The people are wanting a change. If the Henderson people get into the city hall, I stand to lose a fortune on contracts. You both know what that means. Warrington must never get a chance to accept."

Bolles looked at Martin. McQuade saw the look, and, interpreting it, laughed.

"These are no dime novel days. We don't kill men to get 'em out of the way. We take a look into their past and use it as a club."

"I begin to see," said Martin. "Warrington must be side-tracked before the convention. Good. That'll be simple."

"Not very," McQuade admitted. "It's going to be a devilish hard job. You, Bolles, pack up and go to New York. I want some information regarding this young fellow's past in New York. It's up to you to get it. No faking, mind; good, substantial evidence that can be backed up by affidavits. Get the idea? Five hundred and expenses, if you succeed; your expenses anyhow. Five hundred is a lot of money these days. But if you go on a bat, I'll drop you like a hot brick, for good and all. Think it over. Pack up tonight, if you want to. Here's a hundred to start with. Remember this, now, there must be a woman."

"A woman?"

"Yes. A man has no past, if there isn't a woman in it."

"I can land that five hundred," Bolles declared. "I can find the woman. I'll write you every other day."

"Well, then, that's all. Good luck. No boozing while you're on the job. Afterward I don't care what you do. By-by."

Bolles took his dismissal smilingly. Five hundred. It was easy.

"If it's possible, he'll do it," said Martin. "But what's your campaign?"

"Donnelly must remain another term. After that, oblivion. There'll be bids this fall. If Henderson's man wins, there'll be new aldermen. These bids of mine must go through and gas must be kept at a dollar-fifty. I'm a rich man, but at present I'm up to my neck in southern contracts that

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aren't paying ten cents on the dollar, Herculaneum's got to foot the bill."

"How'd you find out about Henderson's coup?"

"One of the waiters at his club said he had some information. I gave him ten dollars for something I'd have given ten hundred for just as quickly. If Henderson had sprung Warrington in September, we'd have been swamped. Now we have a good chance to hang on."

"Force him to back down and withdraw?"

McQuade nodded.

"It's simply got to be done. I didn't give Henderson credit for so clever a move as this. A new man, famous and wealthy, under no obligations to his party; the voters would follow him just for the novelty of the thing Besides, there are other reasons, but I'm keeping them to myself. How about that pavement deal in John street?"

John street possessed but three or four houses. The paving would be a ten-thousand-dollar job. As a witty political speaker once said, they paved Herculaneum in the concrete and in the abstract.

"It will go through Monday night, smooth as butter."

"Canvassed the boys?"

"More than three-fourths vote. Sure."

"I'm depending upon you."

"Will you turn down Donnelly at the convention?"

"I tell you he's got to run again. I'll bring him to order, after a little heart-to-heart talk. He's the only man in sight."

"Why not play the same game as Henderson?"

"I've thought it all out. There's no one but Donnelly. Pick up anything you can about Warrington."

"All right. By the way, the boys want to know if you think we can pull off those ten-round bouts this winter."

"I'm going down to the capital to see."

Martin telephoned for his team, and twenty minutes later he was driving countryward. McQuade dictated a few letters, one of which he directed to be sent by messenger. Then he left the office and called upon the editor of the Times. This conference lasted an hour. McQuade was chief owner of the Times.

Warrington was greatly surprised when, at three-thirty, a message was brought to him requesting him briefly and politely to do Mr. McQuade the honor to call on him between four and five that afternoon. He had met McQuade at the Chamber of Commerce dinner. The introduction had been most formal. What the deuce did McQuade wish to see him about? Should he go? A natural aversion to the man said no; but policy urged him as well as curiosity. He went to the telephone and called up McQuade's office. Mr. McQuade was not in, but would return at four. Ah! It was the typewriter who spoke. Would she kindly notify Mr. McQuade on his return that Mr. Warrington would be at his office at four-thirty? She would. Thanks.

Warrington smoked uneasily. He had no desire to meet McQuade. Their ways were widely separated and reached nothing in common. But he readily recognized the fact that McQuade was not a man such as one might heedlessly antagonize. What could the politician want of the literary man? McQuade dabbled in racing horses; perhaps he had a horse to sell. In that event, they would meet on common ground. But his belief in this possibility was only half-hearted. He filled his pockets with cigars, whistled for the dog, and departed. Both of the Bennington houses were closed; the two families were up north in the woods.

Promptly at four-thirty Warrington and his dog entered the elevator of the McQuade building and were dislodged on the third floor. They went along the dim corridor, scrutinizing doors, each hunting for one of his kind. Jove couldn't read, but he could smell. Finally Warrington came to a stand. Upon the glass panel of the door he read:

DANIEL M'QUADE & CO.

GENERAL CONTRACTORS.

He did not knock. He opened the door and walked in. It is a sign of weakness for a man to knock on the door of a business office unless it is marked private. Nevertheless, the dingy glass had known the knock of many knuckles. A girl was hammering on the typewriting machine. She ceased only when she completed the page. She looked up. Her expression on seeing who the visitor was, changed instantly. It was not often that a man like this one entered the office of Daniel McQuade and Company, General Contractors.

"I have an appointment with Mr. McQuade," said Warrington pleasantly; "would you mind announcing me."

"Just a moment," answered the girl, rising and entering the private office. She returned at once. "Mr. McQuade will see you."

Warrington walked quietly into the lion's den.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Warrington," said McQuade, pointing toward a chair. He did not offer his hand; something told him not to make that mistake.

From under the desk McQuade's dog emerged, stiff and bristling. On his side, Jove stood squarely on his legs, head on, as they say, his lips writhing and quivering with rage. Warrington touched the chair that had been offered him. Jove begged. But the master was obdurate. Jove jumped up, but turned quickly. The white dog stopped. He recognized that he was at a complete disadvantage.

McQuade watched these proceedings with an amused twinkle. It was a clever maneuver. So far as he was concerned, a good dog fight would not have been to his distaste.

"It doesn't hurt the brutes to fight once in a while. But, of course," he added, "your dog is old."

"Nothing is old till it is useless."

"An epigram from one of your plays?"

"No; but it sounds good enough to use. Jove has strong teeth, however, and he comes from a fighting family. But for my part I would much rather see two men pummel each other."

"So would I, for that matter." McQuade pushed the match box toward Warrington, but Warrington drew out his own and struck a light. McQuade shrugged.

"Mr. McQuade, I am interested to learn what is back of your note. Horses?"

"No; not horses."

McQuade viewed the young man through half-closed eyes. The contractor was a big hulk of a man, physically as strong as a bull, with reddish hair, small twinkling eyes, a puffy nose mottled with veins, thin lips shaded by a bristling red mustache, and a heavy jaw. The red fell of hair on his hands reminded Warrington of a sow's back. Everything about McQuade suggested strength and tensity of purpose. He had begun work on a canal boat. He had carried shovel and pick. From boss on a railway section job he had become a brakeman. He took a turn at lumbering, bought a tract of chestnuts and made a good penny in railroad ties. He saved every dollar above his expenses. He bought a small interest in a contracting firm, and presently he became its head. There was ebb and tide to his fortunes, but he hung on. A lighting contract made him a rich man. Then he drifted into politics; and now, at the age of fifty, he was a power in the state. The one phase of sentiment in the man was the longing to possess all those obstacles that had beset his path in the days of his struggles. He bought the canal boat and converted it into a house-boat; he broke the man who had refused him a job at the start; he bought the block, the sidewalk of which he had swept; every man who stood in his way he removed this way or that. He was dishonest, but his dishonesty was of a Napoleonic order. He was uneducated, but he possessed that exact knowledge of mankind that makes leaders; and his shrewdness was the result of caution and suspicion. But like all men of his breed, he hated with peculiar venom the well-born; he loved to grapple with them, to wrest their idleness from them, to compel them to work for a living, to humiliate them. The fibre in McQuade was coarse; he possessed neither generosity nor magnanimity; the very men who feared him held him in secret contempt.

"No, Mr. Warrington. I haven't any horses for sale today," he began. "Not long ago you met Senator Henderson at your club. He offered you the nomination for mayor this fall, and you accepted it."

Warrington could not repress a start of surprise. He had not expected this. He was annoyed.

"That is true. What mystifies me," he supplemented, "is how this knowledge came to your ears."

"I generally hear what's going on. My object in asking you to call is to talk over the matter on a friendly basis."

"I cannot see what good that will do. Politically we have nothing in common."

"Politically or socially. But the point is this. What have you done that you should merit this honor? I'll talk frankly. What have you done toward the building up of your city? What have you done toward its progress in manufacturing and building? You have done nothing but buy the house on the fashionable street and pay the taxes."

"You might add that I once peddled vegetables," said Warrington.

It was McQuade's turn to be surprised. From what he had observed of fashionable people, especially the new-rich, they endeavored to submerge altogether the evidence of past manual and menial labor.

"Then you are not ashamed of the fact that you sold vegetables?"

"In truth, I'm rather proud of it. It was the first step in the fight. And I tell you honestly, Mr. McQuade, that I have fought every inch of the way. And I shall continue to fight, when there's anything worth fighting for. I'm not a manufacturer or builder, but I am none the less eligible for public office. What little money I have was made honestly, every penny of it. It was not built on political robbery and the failure of others. But let us come to the point. You have something to say."

"Yes. I have. And it is this: I don't propose to have you meddle with the politics of this city. I hope we can come to a peaceful understanding. I don't want to war against you."

"Mr. McQuade you talk like a man out of his senses. Who's going to prevent me from accepting the nomination?"

"I am," answered McQuade, bringing a fist down on his desk.

The dogs growled. They seemed to realize that war of some kind was in the air.

"How?" said Warrington. The man was a fool.

"You will go to Senator Henderson and tell him that you have reconsidered."

Warrington laughed. "I believed I knew all phases, but this one surpasses any I ever heard of. You have the nerve to ask me, of the opposition party, to refuse the nomination for mayor?"

"I have."

"Are you afraid of me?"

"Not of you, my lad," McQuade answered sardonically, spreading out his great hands. "Do I look like a man afraid of anything? But the thought of a stranger becoming mayor of Herculaneum rather frightens me. Let us have peace, Mr. Warrington."

"I ask nothing better."

"Withdraw."

"I never withdraw. I am not afraid of anything. I even promise to be good-natured enough to look upon this meeting as a colossal joke." Warrington's cigar had gone out. He relighted it coolly. "If the nomination is offered me, I shall accept it; and once having accepted it, I'll fight, but honorably and in the open. Look here, McQuade, don't be a fool. You've something against me personally. What is it? If I recollect, I ran across you once or twice when I was a newspaper man."

McQuade's eyes narrowed again.

"Personally, you are nothing to me," he replied; "politically, you are a meddler, and you are in my way."

"Oh, I am in your way? That is to say, if I am elected, there'll be too much honesty in the City Hall to suit your plans? I can readily believe that. If you can convince me that I ought not to run for mayor, do so. I can accept any reasonable argument. But bluster will do no good. For a man of your accredited ability, you are making a poor move, even a fatal one."

"Will you withdraw?"

"Emphatically no!"

"All right. Whatever comes your way after this, don't blame me. I have given you a fair warning."

"You have threatened."

"I can act also. And you can put this in your pipe, Mr. Warrington, that before October comes round, when the Republican convention meets, you will withdraw your name quickly enough. This is not a threat. It's a warning. That's all. I'm sorry you can't see the matter from my standpoint."

"Come, boy," said Warrington to his dog. "You had better keep your animal under the table."

McQuade did not move or answer. So Warrington grasped Jove by the collar and led him out of the private office. McQuade heard the dramatist whistle on the way to the elevator.

"So he'll fight, eh?" growled McQuade. "Well, I'll break him, or my name's not McQuade. The damned meddling upstart, with his plays and fine women! You're a hell of a dog, you are! Why the devil didn't you kill his pup for him?"

McQuade sent a kick at the dog, who dodged it successfully, trotted out to the typewriter and crawled under the girl's skirts.

Warrington went home, thoroughly angry with himself. To have bandied words and threats with a man like McQuade! He had lowered himself to the man's level. But there were times when he could not control his tongue. Education and time had not tamed him any. Withdraw? It would have to be something more tangible than threats.

"Richard, you are not eating anything," said his aunt at dinner that evening.

"I'm not hungry, Aunty. It's been one of those days when a man gets up wrong."

"I'm sorry. Doesn't the play go along smoothly?"

"Not as smoothly as I should like."

"There was a long-distance call for you this afternoon. The Benningtons want you to come up at once instead of next week."

Warrington brightened perceptibly. He went to work, but his heart wasn't in it. The interview with McQuade insisted upon recurring. Why hadn't he walked out without any comment whatever? Silence would have crushed McQuade. He knew that McQuade could not back up his threat. It was only a threat. Bah! Once more he flung himself into his work.

Half an hour later the door-bell rang.

(To Be Continued.)

A Process of Evolution.

He shouted for reform at first.
He then got a position;
And now—let's frankly face the worst—
He's a plain politician.
—Washington Star.

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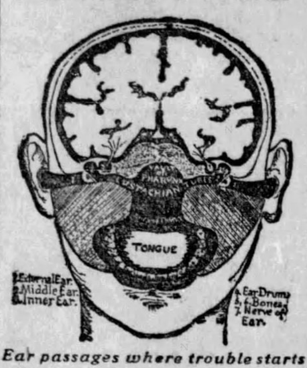

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

PRISONS AND PLOTS FOR PAUL

Lesson for October 10 Is "Paul a Prisoner—the Plot." Acts 22:30—23:35.

By William T. Ellis.

Sometimes the public is startled to find how base politics reaches up into high places; and the criminal schemes of unscrupulous financiers penetrate even into exalted courts of jurtice. Were they to recall history, people would not be surprised at this, for it is no new thing. Palace and temple have through the centuries often echoed to the soft tread of the abetted murderer and thief. The allience between priest and mob, judge and ruffian, is not so unusual as to startle the world. Two thousand years ago we find enacted a scene not greatly dissimilar from some modern instances. The center of the story and its hero is the Apostle Paul, whose fortunes the Sunday schools of the world are now following.

After rescuing Paul from a fanatical Jewish mob, the Roman colonel, in order to find out more certainly what the trouble was all about, called the Jewish Sanhedrin together that an examination might be made into the cause. Paul is the same undismayed gentleman in the presence of these great ecclesiastics that he had been in front of the howling rabble. It is of interest that the narrative points out how he faced them, and "looked hard at the council," as one version has it. He was the least embarrassed man present, for even lowly virtue never has reason to blush in the presence of exalted wickedness. He began his address by what would seem a perfectly simple and harmless remark: "Brethren, I have lived before God in all good conscience until this day." The man who can say that has been a success, no matter what his worldly state may be. Yet this assertion on the part of the prisoner made the Jewish officials furious, and the high priest so far forgot his office as to command the persons nearest Paul to smite him on the mouth. Justice was far from Jerusalem that day.

Paul was no "mollycoddle," as the modern phrase has it, and his high spirit instantly flashed the retort of a just and fearless man: "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall; and sittest thou to judge me accordingly to the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law" The milk-and-sugar type of Christianity gets small encouragement from this apostle. Yet Paul was quick to apologize when he realized that it was no ordinary Jewish official, but the high priest himself, who had so violated justice. Paul practiced what he preached about respecting authority. Even a bad official must receive the honor due his office. This whole trial broke up in another way and made because Paul created a diversion by setting the Pharisees and Sadducees at each other over the question of the resurrection. Once more the Roman cohorts had to come on the double quick to rescue the prisoner and to quiet the uproar.

A Vision and a Promise.

"A man" is immortal until his work is done," runs the proverb. Fear of death is needless and unworthy. It should have no place in the bosom of a strong man; although such may be forgiven for fearing that he may not be able to finish his task, or that he may die, like a certain great financier, in the midst of his plans.

Paul was sleeping sweetly in the castle prison that night, the quietest spirit within its walls, despite his bruises and the turbulence of the day. Once more he was visited by the familiar figure of the Christ, who had appeared to him on several previous occasions of crisis. "Be of good cheer; for as thou hast testified concerning Me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome," was the encouraging message of the Master. Alongside of that divine Will, all the machinations of the Jews and the Romans were of no avail. Paul was sustained by the promise that he should go on to his desired goal. Can we wonder that he met the morrow with a smiling and serene countenance? Pity the souls that have no vision. Well does the old book say: "Where there is no vision the people perish." The teachers of our own time are pointing out that one of the needs of our day is this high sense of a sustaining purpose and of a divine call. The crusader spirit alone can accomplish lofty aims. Present-day society needs more of the consciousness of election to duty which made the Pilgrims and the Puritans nation builders.

An Unholy Vow.

Mary Wilkins tells a human story of a man who sat on the steps of his church for years because he had vowed that if a certain minister were appointed over the congregation, he would sit on the church steps rather than go in. So, through summer heat and winter cold, the man spent his Sabbarth mornings on the steps of the church. Because he had been foolish one minute, he felt that he was obliged to continue so indefinitely. Every political campaign reveals a crop of these rash and absurd pledges. Among foolish vows that were also iniquitous, this one of the forty Jews who bound themselves neither to eat nor drink until they had killed Paul takes the front rank. It was an unwise vow and an un-Mosaic vow, even though ostensibly made in the interest of the law of Moses. The glaring inconsistency of this never appealed to the forty or their colleagues, for somehow bigotry and passion seemed always to lack a sense of humor.

Low Politics in High Places.

Once a man begins to follow policy rather than principle, or ambition rather than truth, he sets out on a way whose end he cannot foresee. A tragic life story was revealed in Pennsylvania a few weeks ago by the maudlin confession of a 20-year-old suicide. At the age of 10 he began to steal money from his mother. He increased his thefts throughout the years, impoverishing his parents, until finally he wound up by murdering his mother. There is now on trial before a civil court, as he has been for months in the judgment of public scorn, a college man whose religious and artistic ideals were famous because, rather than travel the toilsome way of industry to success, he made alliances with corrupt politicians. Now he has won national notoriety by the accusations of graft made against him. Even more tragic is the case of the ministers who once were noble messengers of the Word and shepherds of God's flock, who have degenerated into ecclesiastical politicians. Some of them have attained high office, but at the expense of their honor and spiritual integrity. For they have made compromises which have been as the selling of their souls.

Astounding as it may seem, it was yet not inconsistent with their record that the high court of justice and religion of the Jews, the sanhedrin, should lend itself to the murderous plot of these forty ruffians. We find that the council entered heartily into the diabolical scheme which aimed to encompass the death of an untried prisoner. Such were the men who were supposed to be the spiritual examples and leaders and expounders of truth for the Jewish people! Indeed, it is safe counsel in all times for the plain people to guard zealously the purity of the highest offices of the church.

A Relative to the Rescue.

The scheme was a plausible one, and it looked to the plotters as if naught could balk it. With 40 pairs of hands ready to be dipped into Paul's blood, and with the ecclesiastical and social and official power of Jewry ready to deliver him within reach of those hands, Paul's chance of escape seemed indeed small. But there were other human factors not reckoned on. In the long run, when a man is hardest pressed, he is likely to find help from his own kindred. Strangely enough, the Christian church in Jerusalem does not appear in this narrative. When Peter was in prison we find that it was in full enroll, and prayer was made without ceasing. On this occasion we are not told that the church used its human or its spiritual influence for Paul's rescue. It was a nephew of Paul's, the son of his own sister, young, alert, and active, who caught this whispered story of the intended assassination of his uncle. Forty men's secret is no secret, and it is not surprising that a "leak" developed.

The youth behaved skilfully. He took the story straight to Paul. The latter, a man of the world, knew that it was not a tale for underlings, so he secured an interview with the commander for the young man. The latter heard all the details, and then, placing the seal of silence on the nephew's lips, sent him about his way.

The Flight by Night.

With Rome to purpose was to act. Straightway we hear the operation of the smooth-running machinery of the Roman government, as its wheels begin to turn in preparatory to taking Paul to the capital. Captain Lysias did not know it, but the most important work that ever came to his hands was the delivering of this victim of mob law one stage on his way to the Eternal City.

That same night, and with incredible swiftness and silence, 200 infantrymen, 70 troopers, and 200 lancers were equipped to accompany Paul to Caesarea. What a guard of honor for the lowly prisoner! With them they bore a letter to Felix, the governor of Caesarea, explaining the case. That was a mere detail that did not bother Paul. He was on the way to the fulfillment of his mission. As he would put it, "I press toward the mark." Nothing else counted. His beatings and stonings and imprisonments were incidents quickly to be forgotten. He was bound for Rome, where as the promise assured him, he should preach Christ at the center of the world.

As for the thwarted ecclesiastics and assassins, they were left to gnash their teeth in futile rage as they find their own way out of that life-and-death vow. We may be sure that rascals with such powerful religious friends would not starve to death for any more matter of a sacred pledge.

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The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I would like to have some reader of these columns give me a recipe for making an acid for soldering copper.—S., Anton, Ky.

GRAPE WINE

R., Laporte, Ind.: To make wine, remove the grapes from their stems and wash well. Put the pulp in some vessel and mash. After this is done, let the grapes stand until the skins rise to the surface, then drain the juice off by straining it. Put it then into a barrel or other clean vessel and add as many pounds of sugar as there are gallons of juice. Let this stand five or six days and strain again. Then put in one and one-half pounds af sugar to each gallon of juice. If you do not care to have it so strong, add one quart of water to each gallon.—S. Sarahsville, O.

MILKING MACHINES

Owing to the rapid growth of the dairy industry in recent years and the increasing difficulty of securing competent help, much interest has been aroused in the possibility of securing greater economy in time and labor by the use of mechanical milkers. Several of the experiment stations, as well as the dairy divisions of the department of agriculture, have made experiments and published reports dealing with various phases of this subject.

Experiments have been carried on at Nebraska station for several years, with a view to ascertaining definitely some of the practical limitations of the milking machine and the conditions under which it may be most successfully used. These experiments have dealt more particularly with the effect of the use of the milking machine upon the production of cows throughout the lactation period and the behavior of individual animals with reference to machine milking.

In the experiments 53 cows have been milked by machinery. Of these cows some have been milked continually with mechanical milkers from the time they were first tried, while others have been subject to this method for only a short time. As a result, 20 practically complete lactation records have been obtained, together with numerous records covering shorter periods of time.

Heifers in their first lactation seem to give down their milk quite freely when milked by machine and are less inclined to hold up their milk than are cows that have been accustomed to hand milking for several years before machine milking is begun.

In general it was found that the effect of the machine varied with the individual cows, and that some cows are not adapted to machine milking. Heifers in their first lactation apparently gave better results by machine milking than did aged cows that had been accustomed to hand milking for one or more years.

With animals adapted to the purpose, the use of the milking machine appears to be a very decided advantage, but if there are several animals in the herd which cannot be milked in this way to advantage, the herd totals may be so lowered, and the resultant losses become so great that they would not be compensated for by the saving of time and labor in the use of the machine.

COW PEA HAY

Cowpeas make excellent hay, which, if properly handled, is equal to alfalfa in nutritive value, although, as a rule, cows do not eat cowpea hay as readily as they do alfalfa. When sown for hay it is usually preferable to plant it in close drills, requiring about one bushel to the acre, and when so planted the plants have a tendency to grow more upright, which makes the crop more easy to cut with the mower. If sown in rows, although the production of forage may be as great, it is more difficult to harvest, and the rank-er growth of the individual plants often makes the hay more weedy.

It is not an easy matter to cure cowpea hay, the vines, being so large and so full of sap, cure slowly, and with unfavorable weather the hay is apt to damage badly if not spoiled before it is cured enough to stack or put in the mow. The difficulty of harvesting and curing cowpea hay, its tendency to become woody and the lower yield per acre, make this crop for hay production less valuable than alfalfa where alfalfa can be successfully grown. In certain sections of the state of Kansas, where difficulty has been experienced in growing alfalfa, cowpeas fill a need by producing hay and pasturage of high feeding value. The crop is also especially valuable as a soil fertilizer when used in rotation with other crops or plowed under for green manure.

The cowpea is sometimes shown in combination with other crops, such as corn, Kaffir corn and sorghum for hay. When planted in these combinations there is danger of the cowpea becoming stunted in growth if the crop with which it is combined is planted too thick. Sown broadcast, cowpeas often make little growth with these crops, but when planted in rows with corn and cultivated the growth is quite satisfactory.

As a soiling crop cowpeas are very satisfactory. As they should not be planted till the soil and weather are warm, the crop is not available for feed until the latter part of summer, when they fill a place in a well planned system of soiling and furnish an abundance of succulent green feed, although, perhaps, less palatable than alfalfa.

When used alone the cowpea does not make an exceptionally good quality of ensilage, due to a large amount of water in the cowpea vines, making a watery silage that keeps poorly and is not relished well by stock. When combined with corn in the proportion of about one-fourth cowpeas to three-fourths corn, it makes an excellent silage that keeps well and is relished by all kinds of stock. This combination has greater feeding value than corn silage, for the reason that cowpeas have a high protein content and make the mixture a more nearly balanced ration.

FRESHENING COWS

On a successful dairy farm, where a large number of cows are kept and milked, special attention is given to the freshening and drying cows. Three weeks before a cow freshens, if this occurs during the winter feeding period, the owner begins feeding about two pounds of wheat bran a day. No shorts are fed until after calving. This feed is gradually increased until at calving time the cow is receiving about four pounds of bran daily.

After freshening the cows, grain ration is gradually increased by adding shorts until the amount fed reaches a maximum of eight pounds for the best cows in the herd. In the case of the smallest milkers shorts are gradually substituted for half the bran after the cow freshens, so that these cows get only four pounds of bran and shorts as a maximum grain food. The average cow in the herd gets about six pounds of bran and shorts when in full flow of milk in the winter.

An effort is made to have each cow dry from six to eight weeks each year. The cows are milked regularly twice a day up to a week of the time they are to be turned dry. They are then milked once a day for three or four days, a small quantity of milk being left in the udder each time. After this they are turned out to pasture and are not milked again until the next period of lactation begins.

FALL TURNIPS

Many people sow turnips for fall and winter use in July. Turnips sown in that month, of course, will make larger growth than when sown later, but the growth in hot weather tends to make them rank in flavor, and hence they are good only for stock and not desirable for cooking or table use.

In central latitudes turnips may be sown from the 1st of August to the 10th of September, and make a fairly good crop. One advantage in sowing turnips late is that they make most of their growth in cool weather, with the result that they are sweeter and milder in flavor, making them very desirable for human food. They are hardy vegetables and will remain alive and even grow after the first snow falls, and they may be gathered and stored any time during November.

The soil for the late turnip patch should be plowed to loosen it, and then should be harrowed down, in a dry state, to a very fine and level seedbed. By careful working at this date weeds will all be killed, and most will bother any more this fall. The seed should be brushed in, as harrowing plants them too deep. In sowing the seed it is best to mix them with about 10 parts of coarse sand, and sow the mixture broadcast as you would the pure seed. This prevents sowing the seed too thick, a common practice, as the turnips will do better when not crowded for space. No subsequent cultivation is necessary. The turnips should be ready to use late in October.

MOULTING HENS

The moulting period of chickens is now almost at hand. During this period we may not expect many eggs for the vitality of the hens is heavily drawn upon for the growth of a new crop of feathers, leaving no strength or substance for surplus production.

Knowing that hens do not pay their way through the moulting period, and wishing them to moult early and begin laying early in the fall and winter when eggs are high in price, many poultry keepers have tried to devise some means of hastening the moulting process. In connection with this moulting hens some very senseless and superstitious notions have come up. One of these is to starve the hens to make them shed their feathers for the new growth. This is much like bleeding a horse in ill health to make him well, or cutting off the tail of a pig to make him grow. A sick horse or a well horse needs all the blood in his body for carrying on the vital functions. The pig may not use his tail for switching away the flies, and it may require some feed to make the tail grow, but any sensible person knows that giving a pig a variety of good feeds has more to do with its fattening and growing than the cutting off of the tail or the slitting of its ears.

To promote animal growth requires feed, and the shedding of hair or feathers takes place sooner on a fat animal than on a poor animal. In fact an animal in good health and flesh will shed its old coat at the normal period and better and quicker than will the poor animal or the one in ill health.

Feathers are a highly nitrogenous substance, and the growth of a few feathers requires rich nitrogenous feeds such as meat, milk, oil meal, wheat, cowpeas and barley. If the hen is starved she cannot be expected to lay eggs and grow a new crop of feathers, but if she is fed liberally on nitrogenous feeds she is in a position to grow the new coat of feathers and perhaps lay a few eggs.

Since the hen during its moulting period has heavy demands on her physical system she should be given extra feed and care to meet the severe physical requirements. If she has to battle with the strain of growing new feathers with a short supply of nourishing feeds, her flesh will be used up for making feathers and she will grow poor and weak under the strain. If added to this she must suffer the torture of lice and mites and breathe foul odors from the roosters at night she is likely to be so reduced in vitality at the end of the moulting period that she will not lay at all through the fall and winter.

The house in which moulting hens are kept should be absolutely clean of noxious insects and filth of all kinds. If hens are comfortable in every way and have only the growing up of a normal crop of new feathers, and are fed liberally with nutritious protein foods, they will come through the moulting period in good condition and will be ready in a short time to lay eggs for the high market.

FARM COLD STORAGE

The farm as a rule has no cold storage plant and keeping of fruits and vegetables often becomes a serious proposition.

From early in the fall, when nights begin to grow cool, up to the first of the year, when severe freezing weather comes on, a fairly good cold storage plant can be made, using any tight building that is provided, can be provided, with doors and windows for ventilation. Apples, other fruits and vegetables can be kept in good condition for many weeks with proper care.

The way this temporary cold storage building is operated is to place the fruit and other products to be held in it keep all of the doors and windows closed during the day, and keep them all open at night. By opening the doors and windows at night the inside air will be chilled and the fruits and vegetables more or less chilled, and by closing the openings during the day the warm air will be kept out and the cold air will be kept in. As soon as frosty weather comes in the fall the inside of the building should be thoroughly chilled that it can be held at a very low temperature. Keeping the doors and windows open at night will also afford ventilation for the escape of any moisture that may have collected during the day. When hard, freezing weather begins the doors may be closed very late in the evening and opened about the middle of the forenoon to afford ventilation and moderating the inside temperature. A cellar can be used for storage with a similar mode for handling.

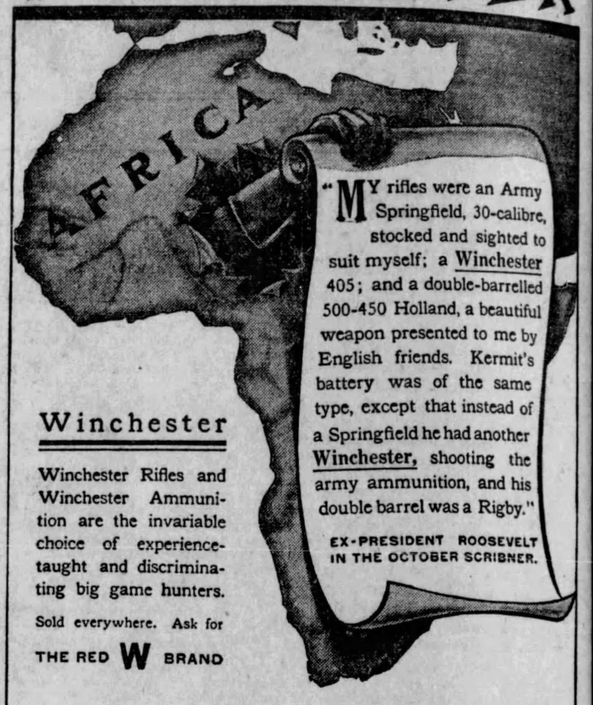
LIMBERNECK

At this season of the year the complaints of chickens dying from limberneck are almost universal. This fatal disease is caused by maggots collecting in the craw of the chickens, where they gather in a solid ball and prove fatal in a short time if they are not removed or killed. Eight to twelve drops of turpentine, given three or four times a day, usually kill the maggots and allow the bird to recover.

During fly time decaying vegetables and animals about the farm and home grounds breed maggots very fast and the chickens eat large quantities of these maggots without hesitation, hence the trouble at the close of summer.

Keeping the grounds where poultry range absolutely free from decaying matter of all kinds will prevent the disease. Often a hog or some other animal dies and is left on some near by field to decay. The chickens soon find the dead animal, become infested with maggots and begin to die. These dead chickens are thrown out into the weeds to decay and they in turn are visited by the living members of the flock till within a short time a large majority of the flock is affected with limberneck. The only safe way to dispose of decaying animals and vegetables at this season is either to bury them deeply or burn them. The latter is the safer way.

WINCHESTER



"MY rifles were an Army Springfield, 30-calibre, stocked and sighted to suit myself; a Winchester 405; and a double-barrelled 500-450 Holland, a beautiful weapon presented to me by English friends. Kermit's battery was of the same type, except that instead of a Springfield he had another Winchester, shooting the army ammunition, and his double barrel was a Rigby."

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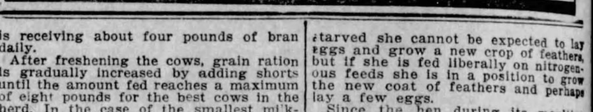

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A WARNING TO WOMEN

STOP SUFFERING WOMAN!

Don't waste your time and money on "patent" medicine, on men doctors, who are not in sympathy with women's ills, or on remedies put out by women who are not doctors. I know what I am talking about, and I say to you in all sincerity that there is no hope for you to become completely and permanently cured so long as you depend upon remedies that are made to sell rather than to actually cure diseases of women. As a woman—as a mother—and as a physician, I warn you against wasting your time and money on "cure-alls" which other women claim to have found or discovered. I tell you, my sister woman, that unless you are the rare exception, the treatment you must have to cure you must consist of scientific remedies that are prescribed especially for your particular case. They should be prescribed by a sympathetic woman physician, by a specialist who is skilled, experienced and successful in treating various women's ills.

After years of successful experience I have perfected a system whereby all suffering women, no matter where they live, whether rich or poor, old or young, may be successfully treated in the privacy of their own homes without interference with their work or social duties. To make my wonderful treatment known to more of the suffering women in the world, known to you, your sister, mother, daughter and friends, I have decided to give away absolutely free 5,000 free treatments and 5,000 medical books. Let me explain.

GENEROSITY AND HONESTY

I will be generous with you in giving a free treatment, a medical book and careful diagnosis and expert opinion of your case. I will be honest with you—if I think you need the bedside attention of a physician, if you really need a surgical operation or I think you incurable, I will frankly tell you—I will send you the book, but will refuse to treat you. If I believe my free treatment will cure you, I will gladly tell you and it will not cost you one cent. If an examination of your case convinces me that the free treatment will not cure you, but that more of my treatment would cure you—cure you completely and permanently—I will tell you how much it will cost you. You may then do as you please—you will be under no obligation to me—it will be your own business as to whether you order more of my treatment. But let me tell you: No woman is too poor to pay for all of my treatment she may need. A few cents a day may bring health and happiness into your home. But remember, I will send the free treatment just as promised, absolutely free and postage paid. Mail the coupon at once or write me a letter telling me in your own words how you suffer. If you are gratified with the results you obtain, tell your friends about my wonderful treatment—this is all I ask. Mail the coupon or write now.

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Trade the toil of the city for a farm of your own. Register for one of the ten thousand quarter sections to be awarded at this land opening.

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Just write us and we will send you absolutely FREE, by return mail, postpaid, a large outfit containing a big variety of cloth samples, fashion figures, tape measure, order blanks, etc., everything FREE, and WE WILL START YOU IN A PAYING BUSINESS. A most liberal offer on a suit for yourself that will make you wonder. Terms, conditions and privileges that will astonish you. We will name you so much lower prices on men's fine clothing that it will surprise you.

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Some Polar Poetry.

London Correspondence.

An evening paper prints a communication from the "president of the Royal Eskimo Academy of Sciences," claiming the honor of the discovery of the north pole for Ahwesh and E-dun-a-bunk (a synonym of Etukishook), but admitting they were assisted by Commander Peary and Dr. Cook, and then drops into this parody of a well known piece of verse:

Ah-gumdrop welsh and E-dun-a-bunk
were very great men, particular!
They used to climb up very steep bergs,
exceedingly steep, perpendicular!
The bergs that they climbed were innumerable bergs, exceedingly so, multitudinous!
And every berg was a very high berg,
exceedingly high, altitudinous!
And those very high bergs, these very steep bergs (which makes the thing more inexpressible!),
Those uncountable bergs, those impossible bergs, were every one inaccessible!

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subjects. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Can you give a short sketch of the life of Ella Wheeler Wilcox?—W. T. C., Bath, N. Y.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the author, was born November 5, 1853. Her parents moved from Vermont to Wisconsin about three years before she was born; her father being a music teacher. Miss Wheeler was educated in the public schools of Windsor, Wisconsin, and attended the Woman's college of the University of Wisconsin for one year. She inherited a studious and artistic temperament, and early showed signs of a literary talent. Several of her earliest articles appeared in a New York paper, and she soon won the recognition of editors and publishers, both local and metropolitan, and contributed to the periodical press. In 1884 she was married to Robert M. Wilcox, and since 1887 she has resided in New York city, where she is still engaged in literary work.

CONFUCIUS

Please give as good an account of the life of Confucius as possible, especially of his early life and parentage.—I. J., Fredonia, Fla.

Confucius, a celebrated Chinese sage, was born 551 B. C. at Shang-Ping, near the town of Tseuse in the petty kingdom of Lu. His own name was Kong, but his disciples called him Kon-fu-tse, i. e. Kong, the master or teacher, which the Jesuit missionaries Latinized into Confucius. His mother called him Kieu (little hillock) because he had an unusual elevation on the top of his forehead, with which he is often represented. Various prodigious, as in other instances, were the forerunners of his birth. An illustrious pedigree has been invented for him by his fond disciples, who, derive his origin from Hoang-ti, a mythological monarch of China, who flourished 2,000 years B. C. His father, Shuh-leaong-Ho, died when Confucius was only three years old. But he was very carefully brought up by his mother, Yan-she, and from his earliest years displayed an extraordinary love of learning. At the age of 17 he was made corn mart inspector and distinguished himself in suppressing fraud, and introducing order and integrity into the whole business. When 19 he married, but was divorced four years after that he might have more time to study. Confucius was next appointed inspector general of pastures and flocks. The death of his mother, which happened in his 23d year, interrupted his administrative functions, and gave occasion for the first solemn and important act of Confucius as a moral reformer. According to the ancient, but then almost forgotten laws of China, children were obliged to resign all public employments on the death of their parents, and Confucius desiring to renew the custom, did not fail to conform to it. To him is due the respect paid by the Chinese of today to the dead. From that time he became a moral reformer and a man of great power in his time. Confucius divided his classes of followers into four divisions. To the first he taught morals, the second rhetoric, the third politics, the fourth written compositions. He died 479 B. C., 70 years old.

JACQUES MARQUETTE

Please give a sketch of the life of Father Marquette.—B. T., North Baltimore, O.

Jacques Marquette, born in 1637 and dying in 1675, was one of the most noted of the Jesuits of France who came over to this country to convert the Indians to Christianity. He was born at Laon in France. In the year 1666 he emigrated to Canada. While he was engaged in his missionary work among the Indians around the Great Lakes he made various explorations. He founded a mission at Sault Sainte Marie, and one at Mackinaw. In 1673, Marquette, accompanied by Joliet, made a long journey in canoes by way of the Illinois river to the Mississippi and down that stream to Arkansas; of this voyage Marquette left an account in his journal. The next year he built a log hut on the site of Chicago, and thence pushed to Kaskaskia. His health gave away while he was at work among the Illinois Indians, which necessitated his return to the north where he died.

ROGER WILLIAMS

I would like to have a short biography of Roger Williams published in the bureau.—B. B. N., Crescent, N. Y.

Roger Williams was the founder of the state of Rhode Island. He was born at Conwyl Cayo, Wales, 1606. In 1624 he entered Oxford where he studied Latin, French, Hebrew, Greek and Dutch and was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England, but soon became an extreme Puritan and emigrated to New England. He refused to join the congregation at Boston, because the people would not make public declaration of their repentence for having been in communion with the Church of England. For his opposition to the New England theocracy, he was driven from Salem, and took refuge at Plymouth, where he studied Indian dialects. Banished from the colony in 1630 he escaped in mid-winter to the shores of the Narraganset bay, accompanied by a few adherents, where he purchased lands of the Indian chiefs, founded the city of Providence and established a government of pure democracy. In 1642 he went to England to procure a charter for his colony and published a Key to the Languages of America and The Bloudy Tennet of Persecution for Cause of Conscience Discussed, etc. In 1654 he was elected president of the colony; he refused to persecute Quakers, but held a controversy, and published George Fox Diggedout of Borrowes.

HENRY W. GRADY

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Henry W. Grady?—H. E. S., Pikeville, Tennessee.

Henry Woodfin Grady, the American journalist and author, was born May 24, 1850, and died December 23, 1889. In 1868 he graduated from the University of Georgia and studied in the University of Virginia for the next two years. He then began his journalistic career with contributions to the Atlanta Constitution. Grady was connected with many different papers during his life, becoming part owner of the paper with which he started just a few years before his death. He was a very good journalist, writing at one time vivid descriptions of the Charleston earthquake. At Atlanta he gave a lecture which secured for him a local reputation as an orator. He made other well-known speeches on various subjects from that time on. His last and greatest effort was "The Future of the Negro" (December, 1889). Grady was the first to present to the north the views of the more enlightened portion of the reconstructed south—its belief that the "struggle between the states was war and not rebellion," but at the same time its readiness to identify itself with the united progress of the nation. His services in this behalf were very important. He aided in the establishment of a soldiers' home for confederates, assisted in several state elections. He declined public office, but was frequently mentioned for nomination to the United States senate.

SEAL OIL

Will you tell me how to clarify crude seal oil?—G. R. E., Saint Croix, Ind.

The oil of the seal is clarified either by mixing it with a chemical solution or by passing steam through it and filtering through coarse charcoal. The charcoal solutions employed are various. One method is to use a strong solution of oak bark, the tannic acid in which combines with the albuminous matters present in the oil, and precipitates them; another plan is to agitate bleaching-powder, formed into a milk with water, with the oil; and then, after subsidence of the chloride of lime and water, to wash the oil with water, or with jets of steam passed through it. A very effective plan is to apply a steam heat not exceeding 200 deg. F., and then pass a current of air of the same temperature through it continuously for some time; this effectually bleaches the oil.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 429 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book, which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

BUTTON UP JOB

Is a New Stunt for the Messenger Boy.

"Reddy" McGowan, a Washington messenger boy, has discovered a brand new job that has got all other special stunts outside the regular routine faded to a whisper. Yesterday afternoon, in response to a phone message, he was sent to a fashionable apartment house on Connecticut avenue. The tremulous feminine voice that sent in the call frankly volunteered the information that a boy was not wanted to carry a message, and finally concluded that a statement could not be made over the phone of the work he was to perform.

It was "Reddy" McGowan's turn, and he was shoved on the job.

"Reddy" returned three-quarters of an hour after. His face wore a smile and his eyes were all a-twinkle. "Did you find that lady?" asked the clerk.

"Sure, I did, sir," replied "Reddy."

"You'll have to make a report on this," said the clerk.

"She told me to peach to no one, but I suppose I gotta," replied "Reddy." "I goes up there an' she meets me at the door. She's there with the looks, all right. She says she's glad I ain't any older, and I wonders what's comin' off. She has on one of them kimonos, and she's there with the pink cheeks an' the blonde hair.

"'Come in here, little boy,' she says, an' she walks me through into the best parlor an' sits me down on a big yeller couch, an' hands me a big box of chocolates, an' tells me to eat me head off. I ain't wise to what's doin' yet, but I takes the candy an' she asks me to excuse her while she goes into another room. I eats candy for five minutes, an' I has just finished up all of the chocolate marshmellers I could lay me mitts on when she comes out again.

"She's got a pink dress on this time, but it don't fit her none to good, an' then I pipes it off that it ain't buttoned. There's a big string of black buttons runnin' down the back, an' a lot of sort of little jiggers made out of black cord that fits over 'em. She looks at me an' laughs. 'Little boy,' she says, 'I want you to button me up.'

"That's a new one on me, all right. I put a souse to bed once, an' I caught a lot of runaway chickens for a dame out in the northeast, an' I took a guy around in a taxicab once, showin' him the treasury an' White House, an' things, but I ain't never had to button no dress on no lady. I tells her me han's is dirty, an' she makes me wash 'em, an' then I starts.

"Say, that ain't no cinch. Those there loops, or whatever you call 'em, don't go over those there buttons easy, an' besides, that dress fits her purty tight, an' there ain't no slack to get a-hold of. I asks her if she can't pull herself together a little tighter, an' she han's me a little poke on the ear an' laughs, an' says I'm a fresh kid, an' that she's laced tight enough.

"Well, I got 'em buttoned, all right."

Dr. J. W. Blosser, whose likeness appears above, is well known throughout the country, because of his remarkable success in the tratment of catarrh, deafness, bronchitis and asthma.

He has discovered a method of treating these diseases which is different from all others, both in method and effect. It is not a spray or atomizer, douche, salve, cream nor inhaler. It "opens up" and cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs, then stops the nasal discharge and spitting, and permanently heals the diseased membrane.

Any sufferer may have a demonstration of what this remedy will do by sending name and address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., who will send a five days' treatment and an illustrated booklet absolutely free. Those who have availed themselves of this free offer have been surprised at the pleasing and wonderful effect of the remedy. The full treatment is not expensive.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM

Will you please tell me what you can about the star of Bethlehem? Can it be seen?—D. D. C., Toneyforke, W. Va.

The efforts of astronomy to convert into a plain scientific fact an event miraculously connected with the birth of Christ and Christianity have so far proved unsuccessful. The star is said to have first appeared at the time of the birth of Christ. At various times since the appearance of Tycho Brahe's star in the constellation Cassiopeia, in 1572, the celebrated Nova of that year, it has been suggested that this might be a variable star of long period, though there is nothing now in the vicinity of the place of this star brighter than the twelfth or thirteenth magnitude. Nevertheless, a reported appearance of a bright start in somewhere near that part of the heavens about the middle of the thirteenth century, combined with a more vague account of some similar appearance a little more than 300 years earlier, furnished material for conjecture that these might possibly be former appearances of the star of 1572, giving a period of about 310 or 315 years, which would carry it back three periods more to about the time of the birth of Christ.

TREATY OF RYSWICK

Please tell something about the treaty of Ryswick.—A. C. V., Aberdeen, Md.

Ryswick is a village of the Netherlands, in the province of South Holland, two miles northeast of The Hague. A treaty of peace was concluded here in 1697 by Louis XIV of France, on the one part and the German empire, England, Spain and Holland on the other, which terminated the long war that followed the league of Augsburg in 1686. By that treaty Louis acknowledged William of Orange as King of Great Britain and Ireland, and restored his conquests in Catalonia, and a large part of Flanders to Spain, and others on the Rhine, as well as Lorraine to the German empire; but Strasborg and other places in Alsace were definitely ceded to France. The villa where the treaty was concluded was demolished in 1782, and a commemorative pyramid was erected on the spot in 1792.

MISCELLANEOUS

W. D. H., Vernon, Ala.: Write to a pension attorney for the information you want.

E. E. B., Tampico, Ill.: The two United States senators from Illinois are Shelby M. Cullom and William Lorimer.

J. C. A., Adamsville, Pa.: We are unable to answer your question concerning the number of tons of coal the Lusitania uses per day.

E. C., Quincy, O.: The only countries that have established public schools are Christian countries.

D. W. H., Burr Oak, Mich.: We are unable to answer your question.

C. W. C., Morley, Mich.: There is no tariff on potatoes.

P. H., Leroy, W. Va.: Guncotton was first produced in 1845 by Schoenbein. It is used by many foreign countries as an explosive in military affairs.

THE NORTH POLE

Is it possible for scientists to exactly determine the position of the poles?—W. M., Yolo, Cal.

To find the exact spot of the pole, instruments for finding latitude must be used. Probably neither Peary nor Cook stood on the exact spot, but they were somewhere in the vicinity. We will publish the words of Oscar T. Crosby, a scientist of Warrenton, Va.:

"As to the accurate determination of latitude, it comes back to me as I write these lines that about 20 years ago a great mass of observations at Willett's Point were carefully studied. These observations were made in a fixed observatory, with high-grade and very delicate instruments very carefully mounted. They covered a series of years—about 10, I think. In each of these years every young engineer officer stationed at Willett's Point was required to make five or six careful determinations. The annual crop of such officers on duty was about 10. Some of us, in an accession of zeal, arose and said: 'We shall take the work of our predecessors and our own. We shall determine the "probable error" by all of the refined mathematical processes known to us, for we keenly desire to know just how far we are from the equator.' When we had done this, I think, we concluded that we knew our position to within 20 feet.

"Now, think of the difference of conditions. Cook and Peary take one or two hasty shots with a humble sextant at a body hanging low in the sky. They are both very eager to be at the pole. That gives the 'personal equation' a severe jog. They are both very cold. They are both very anxious to get away from the pole. The whole thing is dash."

MARS

My father and I had a discussion about a large, bright star in the east early in the evening. I said it was Mars, while he claimed it was Venus. Would you please tell what you know about it?—F. J. S., Bliss, N. Y.

The evening star which is at present in the east is the planet Mars. This planet is 141,000,000 miles from the sun. Its diameter is 4,200 miles. Its mean distance at opposition from the earth is 48,000,000 miles. The day on Mars is about 37 minutes longer than our days. It has two moons and moves at the rate of 15 miles a second. Mars is the fourth planet from the sun and is called the red planet from its well known color. The combination of its motion with ours causes it to pass behind us, or opposite to the sun, once in two years. It can be seen for two months during this period, when it appears as a red lamp in the sky, but at other times it is small and unimportant. A man weighing 200 pounds here would weigh but 75 pounds on Mars. The orbit of this planet is decidely elliptical; it is 26,000,000 miles nearer the sun at the nearest part of the orbit than it is at the farthest, consequently the variation of heat from this cause is considerable. In many ways Mars resembles our earth; it has atmosphere, seasons, land, water, storms, clouds and mountains. Snow and ice cover both its poles and produce great white patches at these points, which are clearly seen through a large telescope. Such an instrument also shows the markings on the land known as canals. Some say that the vegetation on the planet is yellow or orange, giving its color, instead of green as with us. It is but 3,700 miles from the surface of Mars to its nearest moon, and that satellite revolves around it once in seven hours and one-half, showing all the phases of our moon in a night. It looks like a shooting star slowly moving through the sky to an inhabitant of Mars.

INDIGO

Please tell how indigo is obtained and where.—L. B., Newcastle, Pa.

Indigo is the name of a genus of plants and the coloring matter obtained from them. The plants are tall herbs of the pea family. There are several species, but the one yielding the indigo of commerce is a native of India and grows five feet high. The leaves contain most of the coloring matter, especially at the time when the flowering occurs. The crop is gathered then by cutting the plant and making immediate use of the green stems and foliage, or by drying them for subsequent treatment. The indigo is obtained by macerating the leaves and stems in vats for several hours. Fermentation arises and the water becomes clear yellow. It is then run off into a lower basin, where it is subjected to continual agitation and gradually turns green, whereupon the indigo begins to form in flakes and settle. The rembainder is then thoroughly boiled, filtered through linen, molded into small cakes and dried. The best quality comes from Bengal and eastern India, but plantations have been conducted with success in Brazil, Central America and Mexico. Blue dyes are being formed by cheap methods from coal tar, and thus the cultivation of indigo has somewhat declined, but there is still a steady demand for it from cloth-dyers who wish an imperishable blue for certain tints.

MARY BAKER EDDY

Please give a short biography of Mary Baker Eddy. Is she dead?—I. W., Panora, Ia.

Mrs. Mary Baker (Glover) Eddy is the founder of Christian Science. She was born at Bow, N. H., in the midst of the strong scenic features of the Granite state. She was educated in public schools and by private tutors, and has always been a student. She comes from English and Scotch ancestry and has had very renowned forefathers. Her father and mother were held in high esteem by their neighbors and they were spoken of as being "good, Christian people." She has been married twice, both her husbands having died. Mrs. Eddy was formerly a member of the Congregational church. She was convinced of the truths of Christian Science in 1866, as later enunciated by her, and began teaching in 1877. She organized a church in Boston and was ordained to the ministry in 1883. In 1883 she founded the Christian Science Journal and has written several books on this same subject. Mrs. Eddy is a very handsome woman and possesses a remarkable presence. Her face, while indicating great force of character, looks as though she has known sorrow and disappointments. Her achievement, the founding of a great religious movement by a woman, is historically almost without a precedent. At one time in her life she met with a serious accident by falling on an icy pavement, and during one year she was considered very ill. It is not known whether Mrs. Eddy is dead or not. She is reported to be alive now, but some people doubt the truth of the statement.

Deaf People Now Hear Whispers

Wireless Telephones for the Ears

They make the Deaf hear distinctly.

They are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

They are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking off the strain—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds.

And they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt, even when the head rests on the pillow.

These little telephones make it easy for a Deaf person to hear weak sounds, just as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And the longer one wears them the better the hearing grows. Because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves.

By making the sounds louder, it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make Deaf people cheerful and comfortable.

Wilson's Ear Drums make sounds strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading out weakly all over the surface.

Deafness from any cause, earache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured by these little wonder-workers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who were deaf but who now hear.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Engineers, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—tell how their hearing was brought back to them, almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

This book has been the means of making 238,000 Deaf people hear again. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Get the free book for proof. You owe it to yourself and to your friends to learn how to be well.

Write for it today to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 434 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

The LAND-LUBBERS

BY GERTRUDE KING

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Continued from First Page.

dred pounds. I suppose something can be done with that, even in the middle of the Atlantic."

"Four hundred pounds!" gasped Mrs. Gately. "My dear, you talk like a little goose—suppose you lose?"

"I can go home again—if I please."

Mrs. Gately laughed with delight. "Oh, you're a sport and a wonder! But you must be taken in charge—you're in a dangerous condition!"

I began to realize that I had shown myself a fool. "I suppose I am," I answered. "I suppose I must, after all, keep within bounds. Don't think me too much of an idiot."

Mrs. Gately rose, her delicate face set and keen, but she still smiled. "Dear child, I must see more of you—you are the curiousest little thing!"

If I had not been so infatuated by greed, even my slight knowledge of the world might have warned me against Mrs. Gately. In the three following days of our brief acquaintance I noticed that many of the other passengers gazed at her with an icy stare, of which I was compelled to take my share, as we chatted, sitting side by side, or walked the crowded deck. But her prettiness, the grace and finish of her, charmed my inexperience, and she showed herself so sympathetic, receptive, and responsive, that I was not disposed to give her up. Neither she nor I made other acquaintances—she, indeed, magnificently rebuffed the tentative advances of several lounging men.

The second day out we had a long, confidential talk in her stateroom, in which she reposed in me the tale of her past sorrows and present difficulties; the commonplace story of an early marriage followed by unhappiness and the wearing problem of the means of life—the story that is so often true that it requires a strong effort of the imagination to believe it false. In Mrs. Gately's case, the story seemed true; it was her proposed solution of her most pressing difficulties which was novel. She confided that she had been so impressed by my suggestion that, poor and desperate as she was, she intended to follow it. She had, she said, bribed her steward to place her bets, and, in view of her wide experience of ocean travel and by careful "hedging," she was encouraged to risk most of the money she had brought with her.

My imagination at once took fire. I asked if she would place some money for me, but she only shrugged. "Why don't you do it yourself?" I plead my inexperience in such things, my ignorance of betting methods, and terms, and I begged her to act for me. "Oh, if you insist——" but it was really she who, fortunately, insisted.

It ended in my giving Mrs. Gately a note for three hundred and fifty pounds; out of this she was to place bets for me throughout the voyage.

She kissed me a good many times in those three days—an evidence of affection which I tried not to dislike, for, charmed and blinded by desire as I was, I did not really like her. No woman, I am sure, was ever "chummy" with Florence Gately.

I dare say it will hardly be believed that I, a woman of 26, could be so foolish, so ignorant of the world and its ways, so credulous, so confident in a strange and unlovable woman. But it would be still harder to imagine my hatred of my humdrum past, more hateful in the retrospect than even in reality; the joy in the hope of an escape from it, though it be but for a few more months; the sweetness, the potency of the great world's lure; the promise of all the strong, exquisite, productive life which lay outside of Carsonville, Illinois, and its excellent public school system. I stifled my reason; I built a bonfire of my carefully nurtured conscience, and in the rosy glow I pictured bright sensations, noble adventures. For a long time I had been dominated by the devout and dutiful essence of my Puritan ancestors, but, at last, their brave, daring spirit had come to its own and in my small and foolish way I was ruled by the genius which had not only sent Winthrop and Brewster to an unknown land for conscience' sake, but which had also ruled Frobisher, Hawkins, Drake, Raleigh, whipping them forth for fine, unscrupulous daring, the joy of love, and the turn of fortune, of joy in risk and promise and threat—the fertile, strong, typical Anglo-Saxon spirit.

The third day out Mrs. Gately was, especially after the "runs" were put up, inclined to be silent, cryptic. "Do tell me, have I won or lost?" I plead.

She turned on me her beautiful shining eyes. "You just wait!" she replied, in a voice thrilling with promise.

The fog continued; every one grew sick of the clammy deck, of the chilly, motionless air through which we slipped, as silently as the fish beneath our keel save for the eternal moan of the fog-horn. There was a great deal of noise and music and good cheer in the great saloons, but on deck, the officers, pale from anxiety and lack of sleep, hurried about giving mysterious orders to their quick, obedient men—orders that for the careless, ignorant hundreds of us had no results, for we bore all too slowly, though straight ahead, through the wet white cloud, signaling without response, shut off from earth and sky and sea, our little foolish crowd shrouded in a brooding, stifling veil of mist, the center of a small and dreary and isolated world.

I walked the decks with Mrs. Gately. We tried to chat, but we were no longer at ease with each other. I set down my own depression to the fog, and my disappointment of the simple joys which the ocean had promised me. I had, in my innocence, counted on blue skies, sunlight on tossing waves, flying-fish, icebergs, dolphins—even a whale or two—and here was nothing but wet, white mist.

When Mrs. Gately left after dinner, on the fourth day, on the plea of a headache which required careful cosseting, I was quite willing to be left alone, for my depression had reached the stage when it desired nothing but to augment itself by solitude. I went on deck, leaned my arms on the rail, and gave myself up to tearless, unmitigated gloom. I was absolutely certain that every horrid thing which could happen would happen; I should have been little surprised had the ship, at that moment, turned turtle and buried me at the bottmo of the sea; or had I weakened from my gloomy dream to a more gloomy reality and found myself back in my class-room at Carsonville, Illinois.

A tall figure approached me. In the darkness I made out that it was the first officer, a quiet, digninfied, elderly man. He raised his hat. "Miss Harding, I believe?"

"I am Miss Harding." I replied, wondering.

"I have a message from the captain," said he, with some embarrassment. "He wished to speak to you himself, but while this weather lasts he cannot leave the bridge. He—and I—hope you will not misunderstand this."

All kinds of new, mysterious terrors leaped at me. What had I—or rather, what had I not done? My heart thumped louder than the engines as I pictured myself led to prison from the Southampton pier for gambling on the high seas. "What—what," I gasped, "have you to say to me?"

The first officer laid a warm, fatherly hand on my cold fingers, as they clutched the edge of the taftrail. "My dear Miss Harding, the captain asked me to speak to you because he has a daughter of his own, as young and, I daresay, as inexperienced as yourself. You are traveling alone, and we—who see so much of humanity—can't help noticing certain people—taking a certain interest—just here and there. Miss Harding, you have, perhaps, little knowledge of the world, and there is on board this ship a—a lady of whom we, to be sure, know nothing—but of whom a great deal is whispered." He paused, the kind, gentle old man, evidently at a loss for words. "Do you think, my dear young lady, that you should be very careful what intimacies—what acquaintances, even—you make in so strangely mixed a little world as that of this ship?"

I could not possibly take offence, he was too simple, too kind, but I was horribly ashamed and horribly frightened. "I—I—am very grateful." I manager to stammer; "very grateful to you and to the captain."

"That's right, that's nice of you," he replied, evidently much relieved.

"But you must see," I said lamely, "that I can't, where I have given—even if only apparently—my friendship, withdraw it without some definite reason."

It was too much for him, and he consulted the wet deck in silence for a little while. "I hope," said he at last, "that this weather won't stay with us. I should like to have you meet the captain. And do just thing over what I have said. Good night!" He raised his cap and we shook hands.

"Good night," said I, "and thank you—and the captain, too." He nodded and vanished in the mist.

I watched this tall figure disappear without knowing that he was one of many honest souls with whom I should never speak again.

I went down to my stateroom in a mood far more melancholy than before. All the fear and caution which I had at first thrust away now rushed back upon me, and to them was added shame, the humiliation of having marked myself as a person to be despised by the small, observant, censorious world of the ship. I now recalled well enough the glances with which Mrs. Gately had been surveyed, and which, though ignoring them in my youthful, willful confidence, I had, nevertheless, been obliged to share. I remembered sundry advances, both overt and carelessly open, proffered by the sundry lounging men, and the too-ostentatious propriety which rebuffed them. I remembered the hard lips of the woman, the habit of her eyes—a thousand things that had repelled me, though I had not understood them. And now I had to share the scorn meant for her, though I had not understood that, either. I was hot with shame, cold with horror. And then, there was that note for 350 pounds.

I spent a wretched night, turning and writhing about in my berth, twitching my pillow about, switching on the light in a vain attempt to find distraction in a book—switching it off again that not even the light might witness my hot tears. And the engines throbbed, the fog clung and dripped on the bronze rim of the port, the fog-horn clamored, as the ship groped and groaned her way through the heavy night.

The next morning Mrs. Gately did not appear. I waited till luncheon, but she was still, it seemed to me, in hiding. After luncheon, however, I went to seek her in her stateroom. I met her on the way, at the foot of the stairs, dressed to go on deck. When she saw me she grew pale, but she stopped and waited for me, smiling. "Are you still about?" she gaily asked. "You are a wonderful little sailor."

"Mrs. Gately," said I, my voice coming thick, "will you come to my stateroom? I wish to speak with you."

"Of course, dear," she cheerily responded. Hanging her rugs on the stair-rail, she followed me to my room. I opened the door, held it for her, followed her in, and turned the key in the lock. She was still smiling. "Well, dear, what is it?"

My lips were dry, but I managed to find my voice. "The day's run has been put up; it is 389 miles. Have I, including yesterday and the two days before, won or lost?"

She looked at me a second too long. "Why, on the whole, you've won."

"How much?"

She hesitated. "We were to settle everything, weren't we, in Southampton?"

"Tell me, now, please."

"Why—I'll have to think it over—"

"But in round numbers?"

Her smiling composure broke down. "If you insist on knowing," she snapped, "then you must learn that you haven't won at all! I didn't tell you outright for fear of worrying you. I kept all the worry to myself! I wanted to make it up—fix it in some way—before we settled. I was sorry for you——"

I cut her short. "How much have I lost?"

She was short. "Everything."

I felt myself sick and beginning to tremble, but I reached for the water-bottle, poured out a glassful, drank it, and turned upon her again. "And you—have you also lost?"

She shrugged her shoulders prettily. "Oh, my dear Miss Harding, when you show so evident a distrust of me you can hardly expect me to confide to you my private affairs!"

"Answer me—have you also lost money?"

"Yes!" Of course she was lying, but for the moment the wind was out of my sails. Her nerve died as quickly. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Nothing," was my answer. "But leave my room, please."

She came close to me and would have taken my hands. "Nothing? Oh, you are a thoroughbred! And maybe we can get a bit of it back—don't let's quarrel, you're a real sport. If I can do anything I will——"

"Please leave my room."

The commonness that was in her rose to dim and blur her pretty face. "Now, look here," she broke out, "I won't stand any airs from you! You asked me to help you and I did—you took the same chance that I did——"

She was become unendurable. I unlocked the door, flung it open, and held it. "Mrs. Gately," said I in a low voice, so that no one passing by could hear, "I give you my word that I will never ask any sort of reckoning or compensation from you. But I must ask you once more to leave my room at once, and not to speak to me, either in public or privately, again."

Mrs. Gately, her cheeks much flushed, her eyes very sulky, went out into the little passageway between the staterooms which led to the main corridor. A man was passing very unsteadily, and she stepped back too late. He saw her and stopped, leaning heavily against the panelled wall.

"Why, it's Flossie!" said Mr. Darragh. "Blessed if it isn't little Flossie Gately! How do, old Flo!" He was hardly more sober than when I had first seen him, and leaned hard against the wall, whose pale, shining surface threw out the drawn, tined, pallor of his face, the relaxation of his big frame, the smouldering darkness of his eyes. There was something deeply pathetic about this man, the blight of his strength, the sweetness that still lurked about his eyes, the whole waste of him—but he was quite unconscious of his pathos. "Aren't you goin' to shake hands, Flossie?" he asked pleasantly.

She shrank back, her face white and twisted. "Dick—Mr. Darragh—you mustn't speak to me——" she brought out vaguely, glancing fearfully over her shoulder at me.

But Mr. Darragh lurched forward, bringing up short against a corner of the wall, where he clung, shaking a monitory finger. "Say, Flossie, I've heard things on ship—gotta speak of 'em—an' mus' say I'm s'prised—wouldn' have believed of lady like you! Heard you were gettin' chummy with young lady, nice young lady from country—now see here, Floss, that ain't—ain't playin' the gabe, an' 'f you don' stop it I'll speak to young lady m'self—give p'rental advice, 'n' all that——"

"Dick—Dick—oh, be quiet, Dick!" There was a queer clinging appeal in her eyes and voice, and it stilled him.

"'Scuse me, Floss—but you hear me, an' stop it. No disrespec' to you, ol' girl, but—but devil t' pay 'f you don' stop it. Goo'-bye—glad I've seen you 'n' min' what I say——"

He reeled away. Mrs. Gately stood looking after him for a moment, and then began to strike savagely at her eyes with her handkerchief, the lower part of her face quivering. But for what had passed between us I would have pitied her.

However, I did not wish to spy upon her, so I closed my door and lay down on my divan, sick with disgust and shame and disappointment. I was too wretched to cry, save for a few hot tears which burnt my eyes and left me exhausted and sore at heart. I felt myself disgraced—and I had left but a scant 70 pounds—50 still due on my letter of credit, and perhaps 30 guineas in gold which I carried about me. I will not pretend that the loss of the money did not affect me even more than the humiliation my inexperience and folly had caused me.

But after an hour or two of misery I forced back some of my courage. I sat up, washed by poor little flushed face, arranged my hair, and going up to the saloon, ordered tea. As I drank it I reviewed the situation more hopefully. At the worst, I had 70 pounds and my passage home. I could see something in England on 70 pounds, and when I had used up all my money, school would be open—Public School Number 18, of Carsonville, Illinois! My new courage fled. I shuddered, set down my teacup and went on deck, where I meant to walk myself tired.

(To Be Continued.)

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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SEPTEMBER WATCH PREMIUM.

G. Cornish, of New London, Wis., won The Blade's watch premium for the month of September. Mr. Cornish sent us a list of 208 names.

Some women get a lot of pleasure out of telling a sorrowful tale.

Peary has received another vote. His lawyer has come out in his favor.

Dr. Cook still maintains the advantage of being able to hold his temper.

Some men who can speak seven languages can't make a good living in one.

The Atlanta Journal is a pessimist. It says Mr. Bryan will be nominated in 1912.

A New Jersey clergyman wants his salary reduced. Discharge him on the spot!

Let's see, did Roosevelt ever go 1,200 feet below the surface of the earth?

Governor Johnson left an estate of only $18,000, but he received some fine obituaries.

"Our boys are the men of tomorrow," says John D. Rockefeller. Isn't he a deep thinker?

"An Ohio woman is offering a reward of $10 for the return of her husband." Dead or alive?

Eskimos are said to be a truthful people. There is no politics in the region where they live.

It is announced that President Taft snores. But if he is like most men who snore he don't admit it.

According to reports, Mr. Roosevelt continues to "bag elephants." He will surely have a bagful soon.

A New York man without a stomach is well and happy. Increased cost of living is not bothering him.

Annie Besant believes the ideal man will appear on earth in the year 2308. Going to wait for him, girls?

There are always a lot of pretty boys at a baby show, but most of them outgrow it in the years that follow.

It must be tough for the people who were sure that the world was coming to an end to go to work again.

Doubtless Peary could give more than 14 reasons why he didn't want Cook to discover the North Pole.

By having windbreaks built around his Texas farm, Mr. Bryan has inspired a number of pert paragraphs.

Both Cook and Peary got home without the assistance of a relief expedition. That alone is a wonderful achievement.

Mr. Roosevelt's boys will not talk for publication. They understand the respect that is due the head of the family.

Peary has fourteen reasons for not believing Cook. But that doesn't necessarily make Cook fourteen times a liar.

Children everywhere take pleasure in gazing on the Taft smile. They would rather do that than sit in the schoolroom.

The cost of living, it is said, has advanced 49.1 per cent in the last thirteen years. And still life is worth while.

The time is fast approaching when nine out of ten of the automobiles that run over us will be driven by farmers.

Politics is not played in the same language as baseball, but some of the things said sound like back talk to the umpire.

It is hoped to cure a St. Louis man of kleptomania by an operation on his skull. The operation will not, as might possibly be expected, be performed with an ax.

Wu Ting Fang says the Chinese discovered the North Pole 6,000 years ago. But his statement won't settle the Cook-Peary controversy.

President Taft bravely descended a mining shaft a distance of 1,200 feet. He was not, however, reckless enough to pull the hole in after him.

"Not every boy can be President," somebody is quoted as saying. William Jennings Bryan is probably in sympathy with that sentiment.

A Michigan woman went to Arkansas to marry a man who advertised for a wife. She was so thoroughly disappointed that she wept herself to death. And yet, as a general proposition, it pays to advertise.

Somebody has reminded us that General Grosvenor has never predicted the end of the world. No, he never goes farther than to prophecy the end of the Democratic party.

John C. Busby, C. P. M., Independence, Iowa, writes The Blade to say that he has discovered no life on the planet Mars. There is nothing more to say. Mars is a dead one.

"What's become o' the ole fashioned farmer that never used to have any money?" asks Abe Martin, in the Indianapolis News. Last we saw of him he was going home in a new automobile.

OBSOLETE NAVIES.

A brief dispatch from Washington announced the condemnation of the ram Katahdin, the vessel constructed with the idea in view of sinking navies by the sheer impetus of a heavy prow pointed and reinforced. For many years she has been a joke among naval men. She was an experiment, a freak like the "earthquake throwing" Vesuvius, early passed in the growth of the science of warship construction.

Yet it will not be long—according to all indications—before vessels which may use the Katahdin for a target are themselves dispatched to the boneyard. In nearly every one of the older navy yards there is a monitor or two rusting away. And just as the monitors have become curiosities, antiques, so are cruisers and battleships growing out of date in the mad race of the nations. The Dreadnought, developed from the data gathered in the war between Russia and Japan, is now the predominant type. Every navy is ambitious to own as many vessels of the kind as possible. But so fast are improvements made that Dreadnoughts laid in American yards may be outclassed by the time they are put into commission.

H. R. Chamberlain, writing in McClure's, comments upon the rapidity of changes in the navy which serves the rest of the world as pattern:

I visited recently the vast armada that assembled in the Thames for public inspection. More than 150 modern engines of war of every description they numbered, and they cost the British nation more than $300,000,000; and yet within two or three years practically three-fourths of this fleet will be obsolete. This, too, despite the fact that the oldest battleship in the great double line five miles in length was launched only 11 years ago.

It is virtually conceded that the United States has dropped from second to third place in naval strength. With the Japanese working indefatigably in their shipyards, it will not be long before the third place is lost to us. But there is a consolation in knowing that Britain and Germany and Japan have their Katahdins also. As their navies grow, the number of hulks available for target practice increase.

INSURANCE AGAINST UNIMPLOYMENT

The British board of trade has prepared a measure calling for a form of compulsory insurance against unemployment, and will present it to parliament with a recommendation for approval. The bill has its birth in the attempt of the board to solve the problem of unemployment which has grown constantly more alarming in the United Kingdom.

The bill calls for contributions to the insurance fund from state, employer and worker, the amount being about 5 cents each per week. It is intended to relieve first those trades which suffer most from fluctuations in employment—building, shipbuilding, engineering and construction work generally. Means are to be undertaken to bring about a stability between a superabundance of labor in one place, or in one trade, and a scarcity of labor elsewhere. The American consul general at London describes the way in which it is proposed to apply the insurance:

The wage-earner when out of employment must report to the nearest labor exchange, and through it an effort will be made to find work for him. He will be paid nothing out of the insurance fund during the first week that he is unemployed, upon the assumption that he has probably saved enough to tide him over that short interval. If work is secured for him he must accept the employment unless he can furnish a satisfactory reason for not doing so to a committee composed of employers and employes which will be constituted to decide the contention. If he is willing to work and employment for him cannot be found, then he is to receive ordinarily $1.92 per week for 15 weeks if employment is not secured during that period, or for a longer period (but in no event to exceed 20 weeks) if he receives a smaller weekly benefit.

A number of difficulties appear in such an insurance scheme. Will the employer think that his contribution binds his men to existing scales of wages? Could the insurance be also a guarantee against losses by strike, or could it be used for any such purpose? Inasmuch as a strike is purely voluntary, could the insurance be collectable? If the insurance were collectable at time of strike, would not men be more ready to follow the dictates of their temper, and walk out than await the course of conciliation or arbitration? Would not the worker, having paid his premium, have a just grievance if the insurance were not paid him when a strike threw him out of employment?

Possibly answers to all these questios have been found by the British board of trade. In this country, we believe that both employer and labor would have reason to look upon such an insurance plan with suspicion, or at least with serious misgivings.

EMIGRANT AMERICANS.

Sixty thousand Americans emigrated to Canada in the last fiscal year, each taking an average of $1,000 in stock, cash and effects, or $60,000,000 in all. These emigrants are nearly every one of them experienced agriculturists and none has been without capital. Their numbers exceed the total immigration from Great Britain.

A loss of 60,000 annually could make little impression upon the population of the United States since it is offset by the natural increase and by the hundreds of thousands of Europeans who enter by eastern seaports. But the 60,000 represent a class of citizens that this country can ill afford to lose, a thrifty, enterprising, hard working class of which any community would boast. The Canadian government has acted with remarkably good sense in establishing boom agencies making appeal to exactly the kind of residents needed and desired in the northwest. The exhibitions maintained in a number of the cities on this side of the line and those presented at the county fairs, are invariably interesting. Good talkers, men energetic and persuasive, and stuffed to the throat with information, get ready attention. They find little difficulty in making the farmer folk forget that the climate of Canada is rigorous and the governmental institutions strange, and, in particular, that as good as exists in the world is within our own borders and is almost as cheap.

It has been our observation that the American is little contented when dwelling or even visiting in other countries. The man who can pack his household goods and move across the forty-ninth parallel of latitude will, in all likelihood, find it quite as easy to pack again and move back. Our loss may only be temporary. In the end there may be a gain in experience.

SOIL NOT GIVING OUT.

An Ohioan who had developed a couple of hundred acres of stony, scrubby soil into a well-paying property, once said: "There are no poor farms, only poor farmers."

Prof. Milton Whitney, who has been engaged for a long period in a survey of the agricultural lands of the United States, has recently made the declaration that the soil of America is not wearing out, as it has been stated, but, on the contrary, the farms are producing more and can still produce more.

It is hard to conceive of a more important duty of the agricultural department than that of directing the farmer in the proper choice of crops. A man in the south might have land the soil of which would be ideal for corn, but because his neighbors raised cotton, he, too, tries to raise cotton and gets but meagre returns. The muck land along the Lake Erie shores has become famous for the growing of onions. Selection of some other crop in the onion districts might have brought failure. There are constant examples of unsuccessful farming, the responsibility for which rests entirely upon an unwise choice of seed. Wherever the agricultural department can set farmers upon the right track, it has so far strengthened the excuse for its existence.

There are probably as many poor farmers in this country as there are good. But with such aids as are given the agriculturists, the instruction, the better implements and the broader and more profitable markets, the poor farmers must necessarily become fewer and fewer.

DEMOCRACY IN ENGLAND.

Gladstone once said that "the idea of democracy is hateful to Englishmen," a statement which Sir Edwin Arnold took occasion to dispute. The essayist has the support of many American writers who profess to discover in the English system more democracy than exists on this side of the Atlantic.

When the proposal for compulsory military service was up in the house of lords, such choice "democracy" as the following found voice:

The ordinary British parent of the middle classes, and also of what might be called the respectable working classes, would not like the idea of their sons being put into camp for a period of some months with those whom they would consider the riff-raff of the country.

The fusion of classes carried out in this sort of way is not a popular thing with any class in ths country.

Eevryone knows that there are a great many working men who dislike sending their children to particular council schools because there they may have to sit on the same benches with those they describe as gutter children.

The aristocrats, the middle class, the lower class, and even the riff-raff should be drawn together—doing their duty and taking their training side by side.

A Boston man, just breaking into politics, remarked to the ward leaders, "If I should meet any of you upon the street and fail to recognize you, please assign it to the fact that I suffer from defective eyesight and not to a realization of my superior social position." The incident has become one of much quoted history. Think what would happen to the man in this country, politician or not, who would deliver a speech in which he inferred the existence of a "riff-raff" class, of gutter children or even of aristocrats.

Real democracy in England is probably only to be found in the volume of certain Americans which have by chance wandered abroad.

MASSACHUSETT'S BIRTH RATE.

The census recently taken by Massachusetts shows that approach toward a state of equilibrium between the birth rate and the death rate, supplemented by emigration, in talking of which a sort of gloomy joy has been taken by certain prophets. In five years the gain in population has been 7.07 per cent, comparing with 12.21 and 15.28 of the three previous enumerations.

The opportunity for more unhappy predictions is still further enhanced by a study of the character of the increase in population. The 7.07 per cent gain is largely made up of foreign-born, almost a third of the entire population of the state, in fact, now being alien. Of these foreign-born the Irish constitute one-fourth, the French-Canadian being almost 13 per cent, the English somewhat less than 10 per cent, and the Scotch close upon 3 per cent. Counting the English-speaking Canadians more than half of the immigrant population entered with a knowledge of the established tongue. Of non-English-speaking races the Russians lead, followed in the order of their numbers by Swedes, Germans, Poles, Austrians, Portuguese, Greeks, French and Spaniards.

While the figures seem to indicate a distinct loss in the birth rate of what is known as the old Yankee stock, that indication might be deceptive. Their numbers beyond their native states are sufficient, in places, to rule the communities in which they have settled. They have taken their institutions with them as they have carried their heirlooms of spinning-wheels and warming pans. The New Englanders of the type most famous may be lessening proportionately in Massachusetts. Elsewhere they continue to place the stamp of their personality upon the sections they have chosen for their new homes and the continue—we trust—to respect the biblical adage in the matter of multiplication.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is planning a boycott on men. Only a woman who has had all the husbands she wants would feel like starting anything of that kind.

A GLORY DIMMED.

Commander Peary has performed a great achievement. None will ever question his report that, after more than 20 years of striving, he has at last reached the goal he sought. Yet the glory which should be his is dimmed by acts of rudeness and selfishness which the world may be many years in forgetting.

Harry Whitney was entrusted with a box of records and instruments by Dr. Cook. He sought to dispatch these most important articles home by the Roosevelt, but, to quote Whitney—"Commander Peary would not allow anything belonging to Dr. Cook to come on board his ship. I left the box in a cache at Etah."

If Peary is to prove, as he says he will, that Cook was not at the North Pole, he can never do so to the satisfaction of the world by leaving the papers of his opponent to the chances of fate. It is customary for civilized men to give every aid they can to their fellows in outland places. Commander Peary has violated an important section of the explorer's code.

As the days pass by, the case of Dr. Cook is strengthened. The more obstacles thrown in his way by his rival but serve to win him sympathy. The doctor's cause is won with the general public. Even the steel trained minds of the scientific folk, who are yet to pass on the claims, must surely be influenced by these evidences of meanness in the complainant.

BALLINGER AND RECLAMATION.

One of the most important of the reclamation projects is at Grand Junction, Colo., in a country even now famous for its farm products. The work has been stopped for some time. It ought not to be uninteresting to recite why.

In the reclamation act is the provision that the entire cost is ultimately to be borne by the settlers within the area irrigated. Payments for land are made into what is known as the reclamation fund and they can be made at once or in installments running over a period of years. To carry on the work vouchers are drawn directly upon this reclamation fund. Those who had taken up land have had, necessarily, a lot of idle time while they wait the day the water is turned on. So many of them have hired out to the government. When Secretary Garfield was in charge of the department of the interior a scheme was hit upon by which these settlers could be paid in part, not in cash, but with certificates of credit against their debt to the government. It was purely voluntary upon the part of the settlers. The plan was of mutual benefit. The farmer made his living and at the same time found himself becoming a land owner in fact. The reclamation fund was saved from being drained too rapidly and more work could be carried on than if the government had to meet large labor bills every month.

Almost with the day Secretary Ballinger took office he pronounced the certificates of indebtedness illegal. He stopped the system at once. A newspaper which "finds everything to admire in Mr. Ballinger's strict construction of the law," sneered at Secretary Garfield's plan as socialistic. Perhaps it is only incidental to "strict construction" that the work on certain of the reclamation projects was halted for lack of funds, that Junction City, Colo.—for only one community—is bitterly angry about it, and the President has announced he will ask congress for an issue of irrigation bonds.

Mr. Ballinger is a lawyer and would, of course, be in no danger of making a mistake in ruling out the certificates of indebtedness. He has done this, though: He has made the law look silly and the hair splitting interpretation of law a thing of inexcusable pettiness. Furthermore—the certificate plan being "socialistic"—the secretary has made out a rather handsome case for Socialism.

ENDING THE WORLD.

No more favorite form of prophecy exists than that of bringing the world to an end. With singular regularity some howing ranter thinks himself called to deny the rule of probability and the immutable laws of the universe and to close this vale of tears according to the movements of an hour hand.

A Methodist minister was permitted to meet with the "Triune Immersionists," who, with prayer and song, awaited the shattering of the hills and the sweep of the engulfing sea at West Duxbury, Mass. He found this strange sect to consist of a polyglot mixture of races, though there were more Americans than foreigners. The women and children became excited to the point of hysteria, at which times they gave vent to shoutings and mumblings understood only by special interpreters who set the ravings down as the revelations of angels. Not all of the fanatics were illiterate, but there were among them persons of undoubted education. One man from Virginia had disposed of a fortune before going to West Duxbury, and he received the news of the postponement of disaster with unconcealed disappointment.

The police very naturally hesitate to interfere with the gatherings of the "world-enders," for the idea of religious tolerance has no definite frontier in America. Yet, in all sects of the "Triune Immersionists" type, the emotional excitement and the catilepsy brought about must undoubtedly be injurious. At West Duxbury the collection plate was passed with regularity which, of course, indicates the presence of a beneficiary. Though the world was to end, some one had the self-possession not to forget the world. To watch that person was the undoubted duty of the police.

THE TARIFF COMMISSION.

The commission authorized by congress to collect information for the purpose of aiding the President in the application of the maximum and minimum section of the tariff law, and to keep the executive informed as to the relative costs of manufactured goods here and abroad, has been wisely selected. Mr. Taft is to be congratulated upon the experts appointed. He is deserving of further commendation for dodging the influence of politics in chossing the men.

The commissioners are Henry C. Emery, who was professor of political economy at Yale; James B. Reynolds, an expert upon tariff administration, taken from the treasury department, and Alvin H. Sanders, thoroughly familiar with agricultural conditions in this country and particularuy so with the markets for farm products. It would be difficult to find men more fitted to the task by reason of previous work and study.

But the suspicion yet remains that the work of the commission will prove of little actual usefulness to the government. The commissioners will gather statistics and submit their reports conscientiously. It will be another thing to make them an agency for altering the application of the tariff. If the three men recommend the minimum tariff there will be factory owners arising in denunciation of the figures submitted. If the President offers recommendations for change in the laws on the strength of the reports, congress, following a firmly fixed policy of refusing to learn from other than its own membership, will treat the documents with contempt. The salaries paid the tariff commission has every chance of being so much money wasted.

PINCHOT TO STAY.

The victory scored by Secretary Ballinger is not to result in the loss of Gifford Pinchot to the public service. The chief forester is to stay, though rebuffed. If he is to resign, fortunately for his reputation, it will not be at a time when it might appear that the moving cause was no more important than a fit of temper.

Secretary Wilson has made the statement that under the direction of Pinchot the forest service has added vastly more to the national wealth than its total cost, and this, though the service is obtaining larger and larger appropriations from congress each session. Mr. Pinchot inherited wealth. He might have spent his life in ease, devoting his days to the sole task of amusing himself. He preferred, however, the world of work. For 11 years he has had charge of the forestry division. Not only has he been able to induce the government to set aside great tracts for the preservation of trees, but he has also caused the country to appreciate the necessity of protecting stream sources and saving the river valleys from destructive floods, and, at the same time, he has builded a widespread interest in the science of forestry.

The enemies of Pinchot will be disappointed to learn of the man's determination to remain in office. But, even if Pinchot were to go, the watchfulness he has taught will prevent the timber thieves, the land-grabbers and the water-right corporations returning to their old practices.

TRIUMPH FOR REFERENDUM.

Consent wrung at last from Tom L. Johnson for the submission of an ordinance embodying the Tayler plan for the settlement of the street railway war, must be interpreted only as a victory for the referendum. Whatever the merits, or the efficiency of the proposals, the mayor's surrender is a distinct success for the principle that the people own their streets.

The city of Cleveland has passed through two referendum elections, at both of which Tom L. Johnson and his schemes were repudiated. In spite of these rebuffs—in spite of what was nothing else except instructions to the administration—the mayor undertook to thwart the will of the voters. Now, finally, upon the eve of the election which is to decide whether he is to have a political future, Johnson drops his blockading tactics. He finds he does not dare to oppose, any longer, the desire of the people for peace after a war extending over eight years.

Students of economics and those seriously interested in the problems of municipal government, have watched the battle in Cleveland with the closest attention. They may word their observations in many ways, but the gist of them can only be that the referendum idea has scored a notable triumph.

THE POOR BOYS CHANCES.

The opportunities for the son of poor parents to make a success in life seem, in retrospect, to have been exceedingly more numerous a generation ago than they are today. To have been born in a log cabin and to have been a pupil in a Little Red Schoolhouse, were actual advantages once to the candidate for political preferment. A boy from the country gained employment where the city youngster was refused. But though there is a smaller tendency among self-made men to boast of their victories than there used to be, the numbers of those living who have climbed to summits from the lowermost levels are still sufficient to prove an inspiration to every poor and ambitious boy.

A writer in the Juvenile Court Record tells of a list he has made of 1,000 successful men in America. They are not mere money-makers, but those who have "given us new conceptions of steam, electricity, construction work, education and art." The origins of these men were:

Three hundred started as farmers' sons.

Two hundred started as messenger boys.

Two hundred were newsboys.

One hundred were printers' apprentices.

One hundred were apprenticed in manufactories.

Fifty began at the bottom of railway work.

Fifty—only 50—had wealthy parents to give them a start.

Opportunity, in the fine phrase of Senator John J. Ingalls, "knocks once at every man's door."

THE GREAT BARTLETT CLAN.

The histories of Arctic exploration published hereafter will bristle with the name of Bartlett. The members of this sturdy clan did not kick their snowshoes against the pole or participate in the flag-raising, but without them, it is clear, the explorers who did have the honor and glory of doing these things, might have failed. Note the names:

Moses Bartlett, captain of the John R. Bradley.

Robert Bartlett, captain of the Roosevelt.

Samuel Bartlett, captain of the Jeanie.

Had there been but two Bartletts, the fact might have constituted a coincidence, but that there were three, points to a survival of the ancient Viking spirit in the veins of a single tribe. The daring, the nerve, the perseverance and unfailing resource required to be master of a vessel which bucks the Arctic floes and squirms among the uncharted shoals of North Greenland, were absolute essentials to the explorers. And where should Cook and Peary and their backers find such men? Why, in the house of Bartlett.

THE SMALL INVESTORS' PROFITS

The "rich man's panic of 1907" was a windfall to those who had only small savings but a great faith in the resources and possibilities of the country. A study of the investments made immediately after the "big men" threw their stocks so recklessly on the market shows that the average purchase was under 10 shares.

The panic had one very beneficial result in that it brought about a wider distribution of corporate holdings. The number of shareholders of the American Sugar Refining company, for example, was increased by 6,000. Sixteen of the leading railroad and industrial concerns gained 100,000 more stockholders. The average number of shares held by the owners of a dozen railroad companies, the stock of which is known as "gilt-edge" and which seldom gets upon the market, has become fewer than 30. The 30,000 share holders of the Pennsylvania railroad own on an average fewer than 10 shares. Four-fifths of the owners of the Illinois Central have their possessions in "odd lots," that is, in quantities under 100 shares. There are far more persons today who have one, two, five and 10 shares of Steel stock each than men or families with certificates of 100 shares.

The immense profits made by the rise of prices from the panic levels to those quoted today have gone, for the greater part, to the small investors. One who seeks to behold those who have the most shrewdness and common sense would make a serious error by going into Wall street for the purpose.

A Blade reader writes to ask if Dr. Cook's story is fiction. As the vote now stands, it is overwhelmingly in favor of the proposition that the story is historical fact.

When Roosevelt, while president, went lion hunting, some people got down on their knees and prayed for his safety. Now Taft needs the prayers of the people to save him from the banquets.

Dr. Cook didn't have a drop of whisky with on his trip to the Pole. What he discovered he saw with the naked eye.

Senator Aldrich is having a splendid time in Paris, where there are no obstinate members of congress to bother him.

There are 250,000 words in the English language, yet there are times when the supply seems inadequate.

His Receipt.

The Delineator.

A southern banker recently told the following about his 8 year old son: The boy had been invited to spend a week with some little friends in the country. "Stay and keep me company, Jack," said his mother. "Father goes traveling this week and I shall be all alone. Here is a five-dollar bill for you instead of the visit."

Jack promptly closed with the offer, and the banker as promptly borrowed the $5 at current interest, thereby keeping, as he observed when telling the story, both the boy and the money in the family. Some two months later Jack wanted to recall the loan.

"What $5 do you mean?" asked the banker.

"Why, the $5 I gave you."

"I haven't any $5."

"But I gave it to you. Mother, didn't I give him $5? You saw me."

"I certainly did,' she replied.

"Where's your receipt, then?" demanded his father. "Do you mean to say you've been lending money without having black and white to show for it?"

"Mammie," said the boy, appealing to his nurse, "didn't I give papa $5?"

"Yo, poh' little lamb!" indignantly exclaimed the old woman. "Co'se you done gib it to him, honey."

"There, papa," said the budding lawyer, triumphantly. "There's the black and white of it."

Life in an Oasis.

Youth's Companion.

The opening of a railroad from a point near Luxor into the Libyan desert has rendered easy the approach to the oasis of Khargeh, which is regarded as a typical example for these isolated centers of life. For three years past H. J. L. Beadnell has resided in this oasis, studying the phenomena of moving sands, springs, wells etc. The Libyan oasis are deep depressions in a lofty plateau, which has a maximum elevation of nearly 2,000 feet, but the bottoms of the oases are only from 100 to 300 feet above the sea level. They are underlain by beds of sandstone, which are the sources of the water supply. Artesian wells 400 feet deep form practically inexhaustible means of irrigation and such deep wells have been used from ancient times. The depressions were once the beds of lakes, and the water in the sandstone probably has its source in the Abyssinian highlands.

Modern Phase of Railroad Building.

New York World.

The opening of a branch line of the Lake Shore railway whereby Chicago is brought 80 miles nearer to New York is interesting as an important example of a new form of railroad construction.

A railroad as originally built is rarely the shortest distance between two points. Expenses of grading and considerations of income to be derived from cities not lying on a direct route between termini are responsible for many detours. It is only in the secondary stage of the road's development, when competition has become keen and the reduction of running time and cost is essential to earning power, that physical reconstruction is undertaken with that object. One of the most suggestive items of railroad expenditure within a decade is the large appropriation by trunk lines for "cut-offs" through which a reduction of mileage is secured.

"Air-line" roads remain impracticable. But the manifest aim of modern railroad construction to straighten and shorten old routes makes the term less and less a misnomer.

Stork's Distinguished Passenger.

Atlanta Dispatch to New York World.

For the 13th time Judge R. B. Russell, of the court of appeals of Georgia, and one of the strongest men politically in Georgia is a father.

The last arrival, according to information received in Atlanta from the home of the judge in Winder, is a strapping fine boy.

Although scarcely 24 hours old, he is far more than the usual every day baby boy. He is a baby boy with a proud record behind him, for he is the thirteenth child of a thirteenth child on his mother's side, and the seventh son of a seventh son on the side of his father.

Judge Russell and Mrs. Russell and their numerous friends are now puzzling over a suitable name for the youngster. It is agreed by all that a boy with such a distinguished record must have a name to match.

Died in the Proper Way.

The Argonaut.

A clergyman, who was not averse to an occasional glass, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. The Irishman began his work. He brought forth a lot of whiskey bottles, and as he lifted each one, looked through it at the sun. The preacher, who was walking on the lawn, saw him and said: "They are all dead ones, Pat." "They are!" said Pat. "Well, there's one good thing about it; they all had the minister with them when they were dying."

Medusae.

[The attraction of light in the spring brings up from the sea bottom hosts of medusae or jellyfish.]

Calleth the Light at wakening of the springtime—
"Arise! Arise! My children of the sea!
Loosen your bondage to the ties that hold you,
Break from the deep—arise, and come to me!"

They come in hosts, the sea's bright-eyed medusae,
Shy and young souled, by pulsing movements sped.
Up from long arms and tentacles that hold them
Among strange shapes upon the ocean's bed.

High o'er the surface of the air's deep ocean,
The Voice calls to us: "Ye who blindly seek
Life which is Light—come upward, O my children!
Leave the earth bottom, where the highest peak

"Pierces in vain the immeasurable waters
And never island from the wave breaks forth;
Dim shapes ye move among, my sons and daughters,
Come up to me and know the true life's worth.

"Ye who have eyes, the time has come for seeing!
Ye who have ears, the time has come to hear!
Come from blind deeps and know the full of being,
The rounded orb, the music of the sphere!"

Up from the deeps, advancing and receding
By heart's diastole and systole—
The Light that calls our seeking instinct leading—
Do we go forth, we Children of the Sea!

—M. E. Buhler, in New York Sun.

ARTIST A BISHOP'S DOUBLE

Farmer Painter Bears Resemblance to Famous Methodist Minister.

A. Montgomery, America's "farmer painter," who is visiting Seattle and is installed in a studio on the third floor of the Stone-Fisher company's establishments, is a member of the realistic school, whose painted ears of corn on canvas are so natural that chickens pick at them and horses nibble them. He says that one of his greatest tribulations is his personal resemblance to Bishop William A. Quayle, of the Methodist church. In speaking of this affliction, Montgomery said:

"When I was leaving the armory two weeks ago at the close of the bishop's great address, closing the International Epworth League convention, 17 persons whom I had never seen before rushed up to me with complimentary thanks and congratulations on his speech.

"But it has always been that way. Bishop Quayle and I have always been close personal friends ever since we were boys. We obtained part of our education in Kansas and have met many times. We've been photographed together and the pictures plainly show there is not the slightest resemblance between us. But persons will persist in asking me, as a great favor, to preach in their churches, and to give them the benefit of Bishop Quayle's profound knowledge on spiritual and denominational questions of large import."

Montgomery's most notable work with palette and brush is the picture entitled Down on the Farm, the production which he says received honors in the French Academy in Paris. Reproductions of this piece, in colors, may be seen in almost every farm home in the land, mounted as the decorative part for calendars.

New Life for the Waterways.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Senator Burton, of Ohio, believes that we can bring our dead waterways to life. He advocates legislation that will enforce a policy of live and let live as between the railroads and the waterways. He would prevent the railroads from hauling freight at a loss for the suppression of the water traffic by prohibiting rate cutting below a reasonable minimum. He says that Germany has adopted this policy and has developed the two systems of railroad and water carriage side by side.

It is evident that his idea is better entitled to be called up to date than that traditional American idea to which we have referred, and for proof of this we may glance at the experience of several European countries. Prussia is working out a scheme of waterway improvements at an expense of more than $80,000,000. Austria-Hungary has well developed plans that have been partly carried into effect and that involve an expenditure of $150,000,000. France is spending $50,000,000 on new development for the perfection of a system that has cost hundreds of millions.

These countries all have railroads, but for canals and other waterways their doctrine is one of vigorous life and growth. They do not intend that a great promoter of national wealth, a great agency for the benefit of the people, shall be destroyed now or ever. And Americans should applaud their policy, especially after their varied experiences with the underselling that is designed to create monopolies.

A Lynching in Russia.

Details of the lynching of a young and beautiful woman by a crowd of jealous members of her own sex are to hand from St. Petersburg. The affair took place in the village of Voleckhi, in the Russian government of Volhynia. The victim had incurred the hatred of the other women of the village by her flirtations with the men of the neighborhood, both married and single, and feelings reached a climax when it became known that on her account one of the young men of the village had broken his promise to marry another girl. On coming out of church the other day the women, both old and young, threw themselves upon the flirt and in spite of her cries for mercy tore all her clothes off. They then dragged her through the village by the hair of her head, beating and stoning her mercilessly. At first the men laughed, but when they saw how savagely the girl was being maltreated they attempted to rescue her. The infuriated women, however, drove them off and then dragged their unhappy victim, who was by now a mass of wounds, to a large tree just outside the village, where they hanged her to one of the branches.

Medical Advertising in Japan.

Dundee Advertiser.

In future no licensed medical practitioner will be permitted to advertise in Japan details of methods of medical treatment or the history of success of such methods. Doctors and dentists connected with hospitals or engaging in general practice will not be allowed to advertise any information beyond that indicating their degree and specialties. In this respect the ordinance approximates perhaps more to the American idea of what is legitimate, for it is quite common to find in transatlantic journals small rectangular spaces containing the name, address, and telephone number of some practitioner, with an indication of the branch or branches of work in which he claims to be especially adept and instructed.

Hat That Can Be Taken to Pieces.

London Chronicle.

A leading Parisian milliner has just invented a new hat which may be adapted for various occasions at will.

It can be taken to pieces. When its removable brim is packed away under the brow it becomes a close fitting toque suitable for motoring, railway traveling, or for walks in rough weather. If its owner finds herself unexpectedly called upon to appear in evening dress she has simply to readjust her crown and she is ready for any function demanding the greatest elegance.

Varieties

The Zeppelin I weighed 10 tons.

Seven persons out of ten have eyes of different strength.

India and Ceylon supply seven-eighths of the world's tea.

The European capitals are just being connected by telephone.

The Chinese divide the day into 11 parts of two hours each.

London public schools taught more than 3,200 children to swim last year.

In Constantinople there are more than 800 mosques or temples.

Montenegro is about half the size of Wales and contains but one railway.

A laceworker of Tiverton has worked for the same firm for 71 years.

New York ranks first and Iowa second in the value of its dairy products each year.

Copper tubes are preferred to steel in locomotive boilers by many European experts.

Count Zeppelin made his first ascent in 1900 and attained a speed of 13 feet a second.

A rapid decrease in the use of rye flour for bread in recent years is noted in Germany.

Ambulance launches comprised one of the innovations of the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

Uniforms were first adopted by the English military organizations in the seventeenth century.

Twenty-five cent dinners are served in the house of commons for such members as desire them.

Naval guns are fitted with small electric glow-lamps, so that they can be utilized at night.

No passenger was killed on the English railroads in the year 1908. The number injured was 283.

Ancient buildings or works can not be restored in Italy without the consent of the government.

Fines or imprisonment are the punishments in Prussia for keeping children away from school.

Some motormen contend that they can make a shorter stop when traveling at a high rate of speed.

Because the enormous rata of Uganda are so voracious missionaries are using books bound in tin.

Germany produces 14,000,000 bottles of champagne a year. She imports 1,500,000 from France.

The first grain elevator in Russian Asia soon will be built at Tchalabinsk, along the Siberian railroad.

Russia has already over 41,000 miles of railway, and the Russian railways are still only in their infancy.

Russia's consumption of beer has increased 45 per cent in the last 11 years; the output 97 per cent.

Spun glass as a substitute for human hair in wigs and other tonsorial adornments is said to be a success.

The New York aquarium during July had an average daily attendance of more than 17,000 persons.

English experts are examining the forests along the Amur river with a view to exporting Siberian lumber to Europe.

The world's supply of tin was increased 116,648 tons last year, of which more than half came from the Straits Settlements.

The first bituminous coal mined in the United States was found near Richmond, Va., early in the eighteenth century.

European manufacturers make very small pianos of light weight for transportation into the interior of Brazil by mule-back.

English was spoken by 22,000,000 people at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Now more than 100,000,000 people speak it.

Practically all the important coal mining states have inspection laws designed to prevent death and disaster among the mine workers.

One of the important industries of Chile is the exportation of honey and beeswax. Germany, France and England take most of the shipments.

In its warfare against the Moors the Spanish army has revived the ancient sling to throw explosive grenades into the enemy's ranks.

The Interborough Railway company, of New York, will make use of steam turbines to utilize the exhaust from the reciprocating engines.

An eight-track swing bridge across the main channel of the Chicago drainage canal, near Thirty-first street, will be operated by electricity.

Several French schools are using machines which suck dust from the leaves or books, spray them with disinfectants, and dry them with hot air.

The manufacturers of tin plates originated in Bohemia, hammered iron plates having been coated with tin in that country some time before the year 1600.

A feature of a new German system of telephotography is that the wire used to transmit a picture may be used for telephoning at the same time.

In Massachuetts tree planting is systematically conducted along the public highways. Fifteen thousand trees have been planted in a few years.

The Masonic grand lodge of New Mexico is to appropriate a sum of money sufficient to erect a suitable monument over the grave of Kit Carson, in Taos.

According to government experts, the great Salton sea, although in places 15 miles wide and 40 miles long, will disappear by evaporation by 1925.

Wild boars still abound in a region which can be reached by railway in two hours from Smyrna. Near Samsoun some sportsmen have shot as many as 50 wild boars in a single year.

The Italian laborers who are constructing the electric railway from the Engadine to the Italian lakes get only 60 cents a day, and of that they manage to save something for their families.

One of the requests for a patent received in the patent office of Germany was for a device for making one's own matches. With the aid of it, any one can, by five hours' work, save 6 or 7 cents!

John Fred Landis, son of former Congressman C. B. Landis, has received the highest army medal for sharpshooting at West Point, where he is the youngest man in the class to be graduated next June.

Lord Stratchona, the veteran high commissioner of Canada, has returned home from London. He is 89 years old and holds the record as a transatlantic passenger, having crossed and recrossed more than 150 times.

Bavarians drink most of the beer they make. Of a product of nearly half a billion gallons, last year, only 75 million gallons were exported. The home consumption is 248 quarts a year for every man, woman and child in the kingdom.

Suez as well as Port Tewfik is now lighted throughout by electricity. About 4,000 lamps are in use in dwelling houses and public buildings, and 250 in the lighting of the public roads. The wires are partly aerial and partly underground.

Before sentencing a man at the London sessions to 18 months' imprisonment for stealing a dog the chairman said if he had stolen the collar, which was less valuable, he could have been sent to penal servitude. There were 21 previous convictions against him, all for stealing dogs.

The wine storage houses in France are now using cement tanks lined with glass instead of old wooden ones. The glass lining is used for two reasons—the acids in the liquor decompose the cement, while the cement absorbs the bouquet of the wine. A tank in Havre has a capacity of 290,000 gallons.

Swatow, China, has been constructing concrete buildings and walls for hundreds of years. A French priest originated the industry when he erected a chapel. There is neither a brick house nor wall in the place. The reinforcing material is split bamboo poles, which, imbedded in the concrete, do not rot.

John Pollen, president of the British Esperanto association, bearing a green flag with a single star, which is the emblem of the association and signifies "Brotherhood and Justice Between Nations," recently arrived from Europe and will be entertained by the American devotees of

Everything for Every Home At Factory Prices—On Credit

What We Sell On Credit

Furniture, Carpets
Rugs, Draperies
Stoves, Ranges
Silverware, Chinaware
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Lamps, Clocks
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8 to 14 Months to Pay

3,000 Things for the Home are pictured in our mammoth **Fall Catalog.** The book is **FREE.** Ask us to mail your copy. Then sit by your fireside and see all the world's finest productions in Furniture, Carpets, Draperies, Stoves, China, Silverware, etc. The pictures are perfect. Some are in actual colors. It is just like coming to our six-acre store and seeing the world of new things that we have gathered to show you. To the home lover, this is the most interesting book in existence. Don't wait a moment. Ask us now for a copy.

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When you see what you want here, you don't need to wait for it—wait till you get the money. Send us a few cents on each dollar, and the article is sent at once. Pay the rest as convenient—a little each month. Our terms are exceedingly easy.

Enjoy the things while you are paying. No interest, no security, no extra price. We sell you on open account, without any red tape, without any publicity. We are glad to trust people who buy things for their homes.

Most city people buy all their house furnishings in this way. Our plan simply brings the same credit conveniences to every town and hamlet. We sell on credit everywhere. You can have what you want, enjoy it at once, and pay for it as you can.

30 Days' Free Trial

Everything is sent on approval. Use it 30 days before you even decide to keep it. See how the article looks in your home. Compare our prices with others. If you are not satisfied at the end of a month, send the article back. We will pay transportation both ways on it, and return your first payment entire. So you don't risk a single penny.

Back of this offer is the largest concern of its kind in existence, with a combined capital of $7,000,000. We are selling now to 500,000 homes—more than all our competitors combined. You will know the reason when you see our prices and know our splendid methods.

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On every article we guarantee a saving of 15 to 50 per cent. We guarantee to undersell any house, local or mail order, cash or credit. And we leave the decision to you. If you find any price that compares with ours, send our article back.

We are safe in this offer because our buying power is unrivaled. We are supplying hundreds of thousands of homes direct from the factories, without any middlemen's profits. We control the output of scores of factories at prices which no one can duplicate. It is utterly impossible to undersell us, and no concern will even attempt it.

Then we sell at cash prices on credit, and nobody else does that. Those who pay cash don't get a penny of discount below those who take a year to pay. That is the reason for our astounding success.

You should know all the facts—you owe that to yourself. So we ask you to send for our catalog.

Four Free Catalogs

Our General Catalog pictures and describes over 9,000 new-style things for the home. It contains furniture of all kinds, rugs, carpets, draperies, and a full line of household goods except stoves.

Our Stove Catalog shows 70 styles of Empire stoves and ranges, costing from 89c up. These stoves are the famous fuel savers, and they pay for themselves in short order.

Our Piano Catalog shows all styles of the Beckman Pianos, at $100 to $150 below regular prices.

Our Graphophone Catalog shows Columbia Graphophones and records, all sold on credit.

Mark on this coupon the catalog you want, and mail it to us today. Do this now, before you forget it. Then see what you get.

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SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN CO.,
905-35th Street, Chicago

Mail me your
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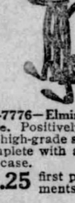
_____Graphophone Catalog _____Piano Catalog

Name _____

Postoffice _____ *State* _____

M-7500—Tufted Back Upholstered Rocker. Handsomely carved, golden oak finish, fabricord leather. $5c first payment, 50c monthly payments. Total price, $5.70.

M-8417—Brussels Rug, 9x12 feet. Green background. Red and pink roses. Highest grade. $2.25 first payment, $1.00 monthly payments. Total price, $14.65.



M-7776—Elmira Drop Head Sewing Machine. Positively the most wonderful value in a high-grade sewing machine ever offered. Complete with all attachments. Has solid oak case. $2.25 first payment, $1.00 monthly payments. Total price, $15.95.

M-5691—Pedestal Extension Table. Solid Oak. Top 42x42 inches. Extends 6 feet. Pedestal 7 inches in diameter. Carved claw feet. $1.50 first payment, 75c monthly payments. Total price, $9.65.

K-5830—Solid Oak Side Board, 42 inches wide. French plate mirror, 24x14 inches. $1.50 first payment, 75c monthly payments. Total price, $10.55.

E-3824—Victor Empire Hot Blast. 10-inch firepot. Burns all fuel. 75c first payment, 50c monthly payments. Total price, $4.95.

E-3794—Marvel Empire Base Burner, with 12-inch firepot. Self feeding. $3.75 first payment, $1.75 monthly payments. Total price, $24.95.

E-2490—Mutual Empire Steel Range, with six (6) covers. Blue steel body, asbestos lined; 14-inch oven; high closet; porcelain lined reservoir. $3 first payment, $1.50 monthly payments; total price, $21.95.

SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN CO., 905-35th Street, Chicago [11]

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

Them the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

1504—Misses' Shirt-Blouse, with or without back yoke facing. Adaptable to any of the season's shirtings. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3047—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Adaptable to linen, madras or flannel, 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3047

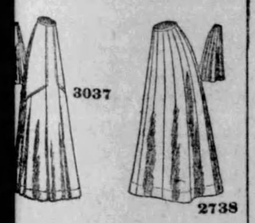
3020—Child's Dress, closing with buttons on shoulders. For every day or knockabout wear this is an excellent model for linen, mercerized poplin, challis or cashmere. 4 sizes—3 to 9 years.

2676

3020

2676—Girls' Dress, closing with buttons down left side or front. Dark green serge was used for this pretty model. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

3037—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, with pleated flounce at sides. As a separate skirt or as part of a suit this is an excellent model for any of the season's suitings. 6 sizes—22 to 32.



2738—Ladies' Twenty-One Gored Skirt. Adaptable to almost any material. 7 sizes—24 to 36.

3037

2738

3023—Ladies' Dressing Sack. Plain or dotted flannel, flowered cretonne or challis make up charmingly in this simple model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2453—Child's Petticoat and Drawers. The drawers with seams only at outside of leg. White cambric or nainsook may be used for the drawers, while any of the sheer white materials or flannel may be used for the petticoat. 3 sizes—1 to 3 years.

2027—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, closing with buttons down left side of front, consisting of a waist with separate collar and cuffs and an attached seven-gored skirt. A neat model for mercerized poplin, mohair, serge or pongee. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3023

2453

3036—Misses' Princess Dress with plaited or gathered flounce. Dutch collar or square neck and long or three-quarter sleeves. Pale lavender mercerized poplin was used in the development of this charming model for the young miss. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3026—Ladies' Surplice Waist, closing at front and having body lining. An excellent design for pongee, collienne, taffetaas or satin. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2744—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. For everyday wear this is an excellent model for linen, madras, pongee or viyella flannel. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3048—Misses' and Girls' Gymnasium suit, consisting of a blouse slipped over the head, having a removable shield, and sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands and bloomers. Flannel, serge or mohair are the most serviceable for this suit. 4 sizes—11 to 17 years.

3028—Child's French Dress, with long or short sleeves. A stylish little model for batiste, lawn or china silk. 3 sizes—2 to 6 years.

2512—Ladies' Four-Gored Circular Skirt, closing with buttons down the front and having an inverted box-plait at center of back. Adaptable to serge, mohair, venetian or broadcloth. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

1821—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt, with an under box plait at Center-back seam and at lower part of the other seams. Develops well in serge, mohair, voile or Panama cloth. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2630—Child's Dress, with body sleeves in one, high or low neck and sleeves in full length or short flowing style. Cashmere, challis, mercerized poplin or linen all develop well in this style. 5 sizes—½ to 7 years.

2714—Ladies' One-Piece Corset Cover, with or without Peplum. Specially desirable for flouncings. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3045—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, with removable chemisette. Navy blue pongee made up charmingly in this pretty garment. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2868—Misses' Dress, with high waistline. Adaptable to pongee collenne, serge or mohair. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3027

3036

3026

2744

3048

3028

2512

1821

2630

2714

3045

2868

TAKE MOOR STRONGHOLD

Spanish Troops Swarm Up the Slopes of Mt. Guruga.

Melilla, Sept. 29.—A brigade of Spanish troops, under General Delreal, marched out of Melilla today and advanced on the slopes of Mount Guruga, the stronghold of the Riffs. The top of the mountain was reached at 7 o'clock and when the possession was complete the standard of Spain was flung to the breeze from the topmost peak. The Spanish warships on the coast fired salutes to celebrate this event which, following the capture of Nador and Zeluan, is regarded as significant of the end of the Spanish warfare in Morocco.

E "RELIEVES" TAFT

esignation of Interior Department Auditor.

Says South Dakota Senators Were After His Scalp.

Washington, Oct. 2.—Declaring that the two South Dakota senators have been working for "his official decapitation for political reasons," and that he has decided to relieve the President from further embarrassment, Robert S. Person, auditor of the interior department, has tendered his resignation, to take effect December 1.

"I have tendered my resignation to take effect December 1, 1909," said Mr. Person last night. "For several months past the President has been greatly embarrassed by a political situation in which I am a factor. Since his inauguration the two senators from South Dakota have been persistently demanding my official decapitation for political reasons, although all of us profess to be Republicans. I have decided to relieve the President from further embarrassment incident to the industry of the senators from my home state in demanding my separation from the service.

"It is needless to say," he continued, "that hereafter I shall enjoy a freedom of expression and action in public and political affairs which are denied me in my present position."

Lieutenant Governor Howard C. Shober, of Highmore, S. D., has been appointed Mr. Person's successor.

TAFT FOR SHIP SUBSIDY

Points to Japan's Rapid Growth in Merchant Marine Power.

PRESIDENT'S WARNING.

"Were we compelled to go into a war today our merchant marine lacks altogether a sufficient tonnage of auxiliary anarmed ships absolutely necessary to the proper operation of the navy, and were war to come on we should have to purchase such vessels from foreign countries, and this might, under the laws governing neutrals, be most difficult."—President Taft.

Seattle, Oct. 1.—President Taft declares himself emphatically in favor of a ship subsidy. He advocates the appropriation for this purpose of the annual profit from foreign mails, amounting to from $6,000,000 to $8,000,000 a year. He points out the plight the country would be in should there be war and particularly calls attention to the great development of the Japanese merchant marine in the Pacific ocean.

With regard to Alaska, President Taft, in his speech at the exposition declared himself opposed to a territorial government for that country. In a territorial government, he said, the larger communities—mining camps with a migratory population—would dominate. He said he would rather see Alaska placed under the supervision of a bureau or department in Washington.

Nation Without Shipping.

"I need not tell you of the inadequacy of the American shipping marine on the Pacific," said the President, "and the growing commercial progress in this regard of the empire of Japan. Japan is one of the most active and generous countries in the matter of subsidies to its merchant marine, and the effect is only too visible in an examination of the statistics."

The President pointed out the perilous position of the United States in the event of a foreign war, when we should have to buy vessels from other countries to use as colliers for our fleets—a proceeding which, in view of the international neutrality laws, would be exceedingly undesirable.

"For this reason, it seems to me," he continued, "that there is no subject to which congress can better devote its attention during the coming session than the bill which should regulate our merchant marine in such a way as to establish American lines between New York and other ports and South American ports and between our coast ports and the orient and the Philippines.

"We earn a profit from our foreign mails of from six to eight million dollars a year. The appropriation of that amount would be quite sufficient to put on a satisfactory basis two or three oriental lines and several lines from the east to South America. Of course, we are familiar with the argument that this would be a contribution to private companies out of the treasury of the United States, but we are thus contributing in various ways on similar principles in effect, both by our protective tariff laws, by our river and harbor bills, and by our reclamation service. We are putting money into the pockets of ship owners, but we are giving them money with which they can compete, for reasonable profit only, with the merchant marine of the world."

Will Visit Alaska.

When the President turned to Alaska and declared that he was opposed to granting a territorial form of government to that far-off possession, the statement was received in silence. As he proceeded, however, and outlined his policy for the upbuilding of Alaska, of recommending government aid in the construction of railroads, of a local government by a commission of five or more members appointed by the president and co-operating with the governor, and when he told of the great possibilities that lie in Aalska, he plainly caught the favor of his hearers and was loudly cheered.

Later in the day, when he was admitted to membership in the Arctic Brotherhood, an international organization made up of Canadians and Americans interested in the development of Alaska, the President announced that he intended to visit Alaska next summer and to go as far into the territory as time would permit in order that he might come into contact with the people and see for himself what might best be done for their welfare.

The President frankly told the members of the brotherhood that he did not believe that Alaska at this time is ready for entire self-government. "I am as much in favor of popular government as anybody," declared the President, "but I am in favor of popular government only when the conditions exist under which popular government may be a success and work for the benefit of the people and government at large. When there are limitations growing out of various circumstances, we must take other means until popular government becomes possible and then, of course, it is the best government in the world."

PULITZER KILLS SELF

Takes Poison and Shoots Himself in Vienna Hotel.

Vienna, Oct. 4.—Albert Pulitzer, a brother of Joseph Pulitzer, publisher of the New York World, committed suicide in this city yesterday. It was evident that he made doubly sure of death, for all the indications pointed to the fact that he had first swallowed poison and then, standing in front of a mirror, had sent a bullet from a revolver through his right temple. An empty poison bottle lay on the table in Mr. Pulitzer's room.

Early yesterday evening Mr. Pulitzer dismissed his attendants and asked to be left alone. Some time later Dr. Pollak, who has been attending Mr. Pulitzer, called to make his usual visit, and found him lying dead on the floor in front of his dressing table.

Mr. Pulitzer, who had suffered a nervous breakdown, was greatly depressed over the failure of his physicians to benefit him.

Albert Pulitzer was 58 years old. Like his brother Joseph, he was born in Hungary and came to this country in his youth. He taught in the high school at Fort Leavenworth and then entered upon newspaper work in Chicago. Removing to New York, he worked on the Sun and Herald until 1882, when he founded the Morning Journal. In 1895 he sold the property to Hearst and removed to Europe. Since then he has only occasionally visited America. Last year he came over with a plan for founding a new paper, but it came to naught, and he returned to Europe much disheartened.

The Exceptional Equipment

of the California Fig Syrup Co. and the scientific attainments of its chemists have rendered possible the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, in all of its excellence, by obtaining the pure medicinal principles of plants known to act most beneficially and combining them most skillfully, in the right proportions, with its wholesome and refreshing Syrup of California Figs.

As there is only one genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, and as the genuine is manufactured by an original method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, it is always necessary to buy the genuine to get its beneficial effects.

A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them if, upon viewing the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof

SPAIN BEATEN IN BATTLE

Nation Begins to Realize End of War Is Not Yet in Sight.

Madrid, Oct. 1.—That Spain's rejoicing over the end of the war in Morocco was premature, was emphasized today when official dispatches from Melilla announced another serious reverse to Spanish arms.

A Spanish force from Zeluan, reconnoitering in the direction of Sokel Jemis, encountered the Moors, and was defeated. General Diaz Vicario, three other officers and fourteen men were killed, and 182 men were wounded.

Fell Into an Ambush.

The division under General Tovar, supported on the left by General Vicario's brigade and on the right by two squadrons of cavalry and a battery of artillery, had made a reconnaisance into the Beni-Bulfru territory, and it was on their return in the direction of Zeeluan that the Spaniards fell into a Moorish ambush and were attacked furiously. The fighting was fierce and bloody. The Spantards held their own until the arrival of reinforcements, consisting of two companies of infantry and a battery of machine guns, with the aid of which they succeeded in beating off the Moors, but at a heavy total in dead and wounded.

The news of this defeat is not yet known to the people of Madrid, and the authorities are carefully suppressing the details of the activities of Tuesday and Wednesday, which indicate that the Moors are resuming the offensive. It is now known, however, that the Spaniards retired from the summit of Mount Guruga because of the sudden appearance of 4,000 Moors, whose attack was expected momentarily. The enthusiasm that followed the announcement of the possession of Mount Guruga is dampened today by the reports already made public, and the people will be further dismayed when they hear of the new reverse.

New Career of Conquest.

Newspapers and the intelligent portion of the public are beginning to realize that Spain has entered upon another career of conquest and colonial empire that may be fraught with momentous consequences.

It is declared that a secret treaty exists between England and Spain by which Spain places her strongholds in Africa commanding the Strait of Gibraltar, at the disposition of England in case of war. This, it is said, is in return for England's support of Spain's program of African conquest.

Another step toward the establishment of a permanent colony in Morocco is shown by the statement that the government has decided to create a captain-generalcy in Africa, with headquarters at Ceuta or Melilla, the garrisons of which are to be raised to 15,000 men each. General Marina, who is now in command of the Spanish forces in Morocco, is mentioned as the first captain general at a salary of $30,000.

Urges Active Campaign.

The Correspondencia Militar says it is an error to consider the campaign terminated by the recent victories. To exercise an effective dominion over the region, it adds, military action must be extended from the Rivert Quert on the west to Mulaya on the east, the district comprised between these two points being of the greatest military importance on account of its position on the highway from the Mediterranean to Fez.

The Correspondencia Militar also considers essential the punishment of the turbulent tribes, who for the last six months have been making daily attacks on Alhucemas and other places.

TAKE IN REPUBLICANS

Democrats of Massachusetts Nominate Two.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 1.—With singular unanimity, and almost unparallelled harmony, the Massachusetts Democracy, in convention at Faneiul hall, named its state ticket headed by former State Senator James H. Vahey, of Watertown, and adopted a platform of party principles. Two men formerly enrolled in the Republican ranks were named in the ticket. These so-called liberal Republicans are Eugene N. Foss, for many years the foremost members of the "reciprocal wing" of the Republican party, and Harvey I. Shepard, of Boston. The ticket:

For governor, James H. Vahey, Watertown.

For lieutenant governor, Eugene N. Foss, Scituate.

For secretary of state, Professor Arthur T. Clark, Williamstown.

For treasurer and receiver general, James H. Bryan, Westfield.

For attorney general, Harvey N. Shepard, of Boston.

For auditor, Alexis Boyer, Jr., of Southbridge.

The party leaders feared—in vain, as it proved—that the refusal of Mayor John T. Coughlin, of Fall River, to withdraw his candidacy for the gubernatorial nomination in opposition to Mr. Vahey might cause a split in the convention, but Mr. Coughlin took his defeat gracefully, and promised Mr. Vahey and the party the unqualified support of himself and followers in the coming state campaign.

The platform, which was an unusually brief document, declined in favor of an immediate reduction of the tariff on the necessaries of life a reciprocal trade treaty with Canada, the support of only such candidates for public office as are pledged to the ratification of the constitutional amendment favoring an income tax; the election of United States senators by popular vote, and direct nominations.

Congressman Joseph F. O'Connell, of Boston, introduced a resolution, which was adopted, expressing the sorrow of the Massachusetts Democracy at the death of Governor Johnson ,of Minnesota.

Former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Charles S. Hamlin, of Boston, was the permanent chairman of the convention.

DUCHESS COMING HOME

Daughter of Shonts Sails From Southampton.

New York, Sept. 29.—The Duchess du Chaulnes, formerly Miss Theodora Shonts, of this city, sailed from Southampton today with her baby boy to visit her father, Theodore P. Shonts.

This will be the first visit of the widowed duchess to her parents. Since the tragic death of the duke she has lived abroad.

The duchess will stay in New York for several months.

UNITARIANS ARE DIVIDED

Question of Socializing the Church Is Discussed.

Chicago, Oct. 1.—Division of opinion on the question of socializing the church marked the closing session of the National Unitarian conference here last night. Rev. William D. Simonds, of Oakland, Cal., criticised the Unitarian church, stating that it seemed to be groping hesitatingly into the past and reaching haltingly into the future. He declared it was not right to "pray to a monarch in the skies," that prayer should rather be addressed to a universal God that was in man.

Horace Davis, of San Francisco, has been chosen new president of the conference.

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Why spend a dollar when 10c buys a box of CASCARETS at any drug store? Use as directed—get the natural, easy result. Saves many dollars *wasted* on medicines that do not cure. Millions regularly use CASCARETS. Buy a box now—10c week's treatment—proof in the morning. 906

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

MOORS RENEW ATTACK

Spanish Troops Drive Off Savage Enemy From Summit of Mount Guruga.

Madrid, Sept. 30.—While the Spanish people were in the midst of rejoicing over the victories of the army in Morocco came dispatches telling of renewed fighting on the summit of Mount Guruga, the Moorish stronghold.

This morning the Spanish post established on the mountain after it had been captured was attacked by the Moors, but the tribesmen were easily repulsed. The Spanish loss was two wounded. Two Moors were made prisoners. Simultaneously Beni-Buifrur tribesmen appeared in large numbers on the neighboring heights, but disappeared again under the rain of shells and rifle fire.

Popular opinion ignores this continuation of hostilities and believes the war is gloriously ended. The critics of the government, however, point out that the proclamation of victory is premature, as the Beni-Buifrur, Beni-Said and Beni-Gafi, the fiercest mountain tribes, have not yet been whipped.

Populace Is Jubilant.

Here in the capital the reported victories have been received with the wildest enthusiasm. Last night the city was gay with flags and illuminations, and crowds filled the streets acclaiming the good news.

The rejoicing culminated at midnight when immense crowds assembled before the royal palace shouting: "Long live the king!" On appearing on the balcony King Alfonso was wildly cheered.

General Marina's skillfully planned operations are the subject of much praise. After the reverse of July 27, and the subsequent losses suffered, General Marina decided that it would be a useless waste of life to proceed on a small scale in the operations, and that the Moors, who had been making raids from the rocky fastnesses of Mt. Guruga, must be dislodged or outflanked. Accordingly he withdrew his advanced posts and waited until he had concentrated 60,000 men and 68 cannon.

Two Columns Attack.

This big force was divided into two columns that advanced simultaneously. One column was sent north to Cape Tres Forcas, to prevent the possibility of a rear attack, and the other was sent southwards. Both operations were successful and, after Nador and Zeluan were taken, the Moors evidently found themselves outflanked and evacuated the territory, for no resistance was encountered when the Spanish forces scaled the sides of the mountain and planted the flag on its summit.

What has become of the main body of the Moors is not clear from the official dispatches published here. Unofficial reports intimate that while General Marina accompanied the column to the south Moors doubled back west of Guruga and joined in a surprise attack upon General Sotomayo. Official circles, however, seem convinced that the Moors are thoroughly discouraged and that there will be no further organized resistance.

It is admitted, however, that there will be danger of complications with the sultan of Morocco, owing to the necessity of maintaining a Spanish force in the coast country.

May Plant a Colony.

As it is manifestly impossible for Morocco to pay the indemnity which Spain will demand, Spanish occupation can be protracted for many years. The mines, which were the cause of the original trouble, are considered immensely rich and much is expected from industrial exploitation.

Abroad the victories are expected to enhance Spanish prestige greatly and the policy of non-interference, to which the powers subscribed, will give the Spanish government an opportunity to reap the full benefit of the country's military success.

Little doubt exists that the government intends to take advantage of the situation to extend its sphere of influence in Africa and prossibly to realize the dream of many Spaniards, the creation of an important colony in Africa to compensate for the humiliating losses beyond the sea that resulted from the crushing defeats in the war with the United States.

WOMEN DEFEND ASIATICS

Vote Down Resolutions to Bar Japs and Others.

Chicago, Oct. 2.—Delegates to the National Woman's Trade Union league last night voted down a resolution demanding that Japanese and all Asiatic races be excluded from the United States.

The resolution, introduced by delegates from San Francisco, aroused a lively debate at the closing session of the convention, delegates from the east arguing that "it would be a shame to vote for the exclusion of anyone" from the United States.

The following were elected officers: President, Mrs. Raymond Robbins Chicago; vice president, Mrs. Mary Kenney O'Sullivan, Boston, and Miss Melinda Scott, New York; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. D. W. Knefler, St. Louis.

COVERED WITH HIVES

Child a Mass of Dreadful Sore, Itching, Irritating Humor for Two Months—Little Sufferer in Terrible Plight.

DISEASE CURED BY CUTICURA

"My six-year-old daughter had the dreadful disease called hives for two months. She became affected by playing with children who had it. By scratching she caused large sores which were irritating. Her body was a complete sore, but it was worse on her arms and back. We employed a physician, who left medicine, but it did not help her, and I tried several remedies, but without avail. Seeing the Cuticura Remedies advertised, I thought I would try them. I gave her a hot bath daily with Cuticura Soap and anointed her body with Cuticura Ointment. The first treatment relieved the itching, and, in a short time, the disease disappeared. Mrs. George L. Fridhoff, Warren, Mich., June 30 and July 13, '08."

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WE HAVE a few good farms, well improved, for $40 to $60 per acre in Stark Co., O., near Alliance and Canton. For further information address, with stamp, W. E. Marshall, Alliance, Ohio, R. 2.

BEAUTIFUL NEW SONG—Boys in Blue Are Growing Old; 12 pretty Folk songs; valuable shoe cream formula, 68c. E. O. Russell, Publisher, Grand Ledge, Michigan.

MARRIAGE PAPER—Highest Character; Incorporated; 13th year; 5,000 members; paper sealed; send 10c. W.B.Love, Box 1600, Denver, Col.

Ladies owning land, write to honorable middle-aged man; no liquor, tobacco or profanity; object matrimony. Stanley Jennings, Freeport, Pa.

Mrs. James H. Kelley, of New Kirk, Okla., wishes to know the whereabouts of her cousin, Jas. H. Kelley.

MARRY—Book of descriptions and photos mailed sealed. Free. The Exchange, Box 829, E. Kansas City, Mo.

MUST WORK TO HOLD JOB

Cleveland, Oct. 4.—You've got to have a reputation before you can get a job and you'll have to work to hold it—that, in brief, is the philosophy of business success held by John D. Rockefeller. He told the children of the Euclid Avenue Baptist church Sunday school yesterday morning that a boy doesn't have to be smart to hold a position. All he has to do is to work as hard when the employer is away as when he is present.

"A boy does not of necessity have to be smart in order to hold a position," he said. "He must be honest, diligent and sober, and when he is that he will do things as well when no one is looking as when he is being watched."

Y LEGAL SALOON BURNED

Minnville, Tenn., Sept. 29.—News ed here today of the burning yesy of Tennessee's only legal sa the "Oasis," situated on a mountop near here in such a position that it was more than four miles distant from any school house. Under the Tennessee prohibition law saloons are not permitted within four miles of a school house. Steps to test the legality of the mountain top saloon already had been taken.

ATTACK BREWING COMPANIES

Claim to Have Violated Right to Business in Indiana.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 2.—A brewing company of Milwaukee and other foreign and Indiana brewing companies will be required to show cause in the superior court of this county next Tuesday why their charters should not be forfeited for alleged violation of franchise rights in operating retail saloons in this city.

$6.95

JEWELS

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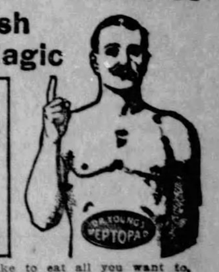

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Would you like to say **farewell** for the rest of your life to Dyspepsia, **Indigestion,** Sour Stomach, Distress after eating, Nervousness, **Catarrh of the Stomach,** Heart Fluttering, Sick Headache and **Constipation?** Then send me 10 cents to cover cost of packing and I will mail you absolutely free one of these wonderful Stomach Drafts. They regulate the bowels, relieve soreness, strengthen every nerve and muscle of your stomach, relieve you at once and make you feel like a new man or woman. So write today enclosing 10c cents for the postage, etc., and get one of these wonderful Stomach Drafts that are celebrated because they cure where medicines fail. Write Dr. G. C. Young, 42 National Bank Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

EFFLUX OF AMERICANS GROWS

75,000 Families Have Entered Canada This Year.

Montreal, Que., Oct. 1.—J. Bruce Walker, of the Canadian department of the interior, who returned yesterday from the inspection of the immigration conditions in the Canadian northwest, said that 75,000 American families, each with an average capital of $1,000, had entered Canada from the United States this year to become homesteaders.

TO TEACH RAILROADING

Ann Arbor, Mich., Oct. 4.—A four-years' course in railway administration for students aiming to fit themselves for a railroad position or to be statisticians of the government railway commissions and like bureaus has been established at the University of Michigan under the direction of a faculty committee headed by Prof. H. C. Adams, statistician for the interstate commerce commission.

YANKEES WIN CUTTER RACE

New York, Oct. 2.—The cutter crew of the United States ship Minnesota won the race for the Battenberg cup today. The crew of the Louisiana was second and that of the British cruiser Drake third.

CRAZED BY AIRSHIPS

Army Sergeant Takes His Own Life.

New York, Sept. 30.—Worried by the responsibility of assisting the aeronauts, Wilbur Wright and Glenn H. Curtiss, in preparation for their aeroplane flights at Governor's Island, Quartermaster Sergeant James Caron, of Co. I, Twenty-ninth infantry, committed suicide in his bunk outside the redoubt at Fort Jay last night, shooting himself through the head with a rifle.

Caron had been delegated to assist Wright and Curtiss in the preparations for their flights during the past few days and this seemed to greatly excite him. During the late afternoon yesterday, when Wright was preparing to fly he frequently turned to a soldier near him and remarked:

"Why don't that fellow go up. I can't stand it any longer."

After Wright had made his last flight last evening and the crowd of visitors had left the island Caron went

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

KEEP OPEN-MINDED

Elizabeth Ayres.

SOMEWAY, I feel utterly stranded," a woman with whom I have a slight acquaintance said to me a short time ago.

We had chanced to come together in a quiet street where we were practically alone, and, after exchanging the customary "good morning" greetings, the woman hesitated and looked at me in a wistful sort of manner, as if she wanted to talk and was in need of a sympathetic hearer.

"Are you going my way?" I asked her.

"Why, I should like to, she returned. "I'm feeling lonesome," she explained, turning to walk in the direction I was going.

"We all feel that way sometimes," I told her, "but what is the special cause of your present affliction?" I asked.

It was then she said in answer, "I feel utterly stranded. Things are so different."

"What things?" I questioned.

"Oh, everything," she said, rather vaguely. "The conditions of my life, its circumstances, and my circle of friends. My set is all broken up and scattered. We used to have such good times together, and now everything is changed," she explained. "Nothing is like it used to be, and I don't suppose it ever will be again," she lamented.

"Probably not," I observed. "Changes are something we know we must expect, and yet they always come as a surprise, and if they are not exactly to our liking, we regard them as calamities. The only thing we can do is to go with the tide and adjust ourselves to circumstances."

"I know that," my companion agreed, "but I'm having such a hard time getting myself adjusted."

"You are not alone in that," I assured her; "there are others."

Whereupon we laughed, and the conversation drifted into other channels. However, the question of adjusting oneself to changes stayed in my mind, and gave rise to reflections pertaining to being fixed in one's habits and customs, especially in the matter of friends and conditions.

Some one has said or written: "We should make at least one new friend every year."

The wisdom of this is evident. Friends, like all phases of life, come and go, and if we never make new ones, some day we are likely to find ourselves feeling "utterly stranded," like the woman previously mentioned. Life-time friends are possible, but they are infrequent. Separations occur; sometimes the congeniality which holds friends together vanishes—there may be innumerable causes for the drifting apart, which is so commonly the history of friendships. The tie is not always severed by dissension; it "just happens," and seemingly it cannot be prevented.

It is a good thing to love one's friends and to keep faith with them as long as it is possible, and it is a good thing, also, to keep an open mind for new friends and acquaintances and to be adjustable to changes in outside circumstances. Nothing remains the same forever. We may think existing conditions will continue indefinitely and settle ourselves in the groove of habit, fancying it will be unchanging and forgetting we have others to reckon with besides ourselves.

If we cannot adjust ourselves to changes and go with the procession we are left sitting by the wayside, listening to the swift feet of the runners as they pass us by. The "left behind" feeling is not pleasant and the only way to avoid it is to accept what comes and to adjust ourselves to the new conditions that arise. "It is easier said than done," you may say. Most things are easier said than done, but it is folly to settle oneself in the gloomy rut of the "has-beens" and reflect on "the bright days of yore that will never return." The probabilities are they would not seem so bright could we have them back again.

It is folly to think, and accent the thought, by asserting, "I am too old to change." It is folly to confine oneself to some special "set," and never go outside it, and it is folly to continue doing the same thing in the same way because it has been a long-time custom. Many a life has ended in sadness or tragedy because of the fancy, "I am too old to change."

Something different is the call of the world today, and the "something different" is sure to come into one's life, sooner or later. None is immune, and having knowledge of this it is the part of wisdom to keep open-minded, both in the matter of friends and conditions.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Time brings only one regret, that we had not more joy in the things that were, more belief, more patience, more love, more knowledge of the way things work out, more willingness to help toward the final result.

MONDAY

When the hour of trouble comes to the mind or the body, and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low, it is "na what we hae dune for oursels, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly."

TUESDAY

What's gone, and what's past help, should be past grief.

WEDNESDAY

"There is no need to worry. When God shuts a door He opens a window." A world of sunshine and hope is epitomized in this Italian proverb.

THURSDAY

Half the battle is in meeting the day with a determination to make the best of things, to put yesterday's mistakes and worries in the background—and to start the new day with a brave heart.

FRIDAY

The only way to keep from being disappointed is not to expect things; then what you get from the world comes as a delightful surprise and your cheerful view of life is tenfold increased.

SATURDAY

Those who expect other people to make their happiness are forever doomed to see it lie beyond their reach.

TWO SIDES TO EVERYTHING

A little boy was given too much underdone pie for his supper and was soon roaring lustily.

His mother's visitor was visibly disturbed.

"If he was my child," she said, "he'd get a good sound spanking."

"He deserves it," the mother admitted, "but I don't believe in spanking him on a full stomach."

"Neither do I," said the visitor, "but I'd turn him over."—Success Magazine.

"WUZ YOU AWAKE?"

A small Kansas boy was once called in to view his new born baby brother. He looked it over with dissatisfaction, and finally asked: "Mamma, where did this thing come from?" "An angel brought it, Jimmie." "Wuz you awake when he came?" "Certainly, Jimmie." "Well, then, mamma, all that I have got to say is that you are dead easy. I'd like to see any old angel put off such a looking thing on me. But I reckon we are stuck unless I kin work Johnny Green to trade it sight unseen for one of his spotted pups."

THE CHINESE WOMAN AT HOME

In the October number of Putnam's Magazine is an article by Isaac Taylor Headland, professor in the Peking university, describing the home life of the high-class Chinese women. Professor Headland's wife, as physician to a number of the great ladies of the Chinese court, has come in intimate contact with the private life and customs of the aristocracy, and contributes to her husband's article the details concerning matters which only a woman would be permitted to observe.

Regarding the Chinese lady's social duties and the process of making her toilet before she goes on exhibition, Mrs. Headland says:

Very erroneous ideas about the life and occupation of the Chinese ladies of the nobie and official classes are held by those not conversant with their home life. The Chinese woman is commonly regarded as little better than a secluded slave, who whiles away the tedious hours at an embroidery frame, where, with her needle, she works those delicate and intricate pieces of embroidery for which she is famous throughout the world. In reality, a Chinese lady has little time to give to embroidery. Her life is full of the most exacting social duties. Few American ladies in the whirl of society in Washington or New York have more social functions to attend or duties to perform; I have often been present in the evening when the head eunuch brought to the ruling lady of the home (and the head of the home in China is the woman, not the man) an ebony tablet on which was written in red ink the list of social functions the ladies were to attend the following day.

She would select from the list such as she and her unmarried daughter could attend—the daughter always going with her mother and not with her sisters-in-law—and then she would apportion the other engagements to her daughters-in-law, who would attend them in her stead.

The Chinese lady in Peking sleeps upon a brick bed, one-half of the room being built up a foot and a half above the floor, with flues running through it, and in the winter a fire is built under the bed, so that, instead of having one hot brick in her bed, she has a hundred. She rises about 8. She has a large number of women servants, a few slave girls, and, if she belongs to the family of a prince, she has several eunuchs, these latter to do the heavy work about the household. Each servant has her own special duties, and resents being asked to perform those of another. When my lady awakes a servant brings her a cup of hot tea and a cake made of wheat or rice flour. After eating this a slave girl presents her with a tiny pipe, with a long stem, from which she takes a few whiffs. Two servants then appear with a large polished brass basin of very hot water, towels, soaps, and preparations of honey to be used on her face and hands, while they are still warm and moist from the bathing. After the bath they remove the things and disappear, and two other women take their places, with a tray on which are combs, brushes, hair pomades and the framework and accessories needed for combing her hair. Then begins a long and tedious operation that may continue for two hours. Finally, the hair is ready for the ornaments, jewels and flowers which are brought by another servant on a large tray. The mistress selects the ones she wishes, placing them in her hair with her own hands.

The prevailing idea with the Chinese ladies is that the foreign woman does not comb her hair. I have often heard my friends apologizing to ladies whom they have brought to see me for the first time, and on whom they wanted me to make a good impression, by saying:

"You must not mind her hair; she is really so busy she has no time to comb it. All her time is spent in acts of benevolence."

After the hair has been properly combed and ornamented, cosmetics of white and carmine are brought for the face and neck. The Manchu lady uses these in great profusion, her Chinese sister more sparingly. No Chinese lady, unless a widow or a woman past 60, is supposed to appear in the presenec of her family without a full coating of powder and paint. A lady one day complained to me of difficulty in lifting her eyelids and asked me what the reason was.

"Perhaps," said I, "they are partially paralyzed by the lead in your cosmetics. Wash off the paint and see if the nerves do not recover their tone."

"But," said she, "I would not dare to appear in the presence of my husband or family without paint and powder; it would not be respectable."

The final touch to the face is the deep carmine spot on the lower lip.

The robing then begins. And what beautiful robes they are; the softest and most delicate silks, lined with the lightest of furs in winter. Over these come the rich satin embroidered garments, each season calling for a certain number and kind. She then decorates herself with her jewels—earrings, bracelets, beads, rings, charms, embroidered bags holding the betelnut, and the tiny mirror in its embroidered case with silk tassels. When these are hung on the buttons of her dress her outfit is complete, and she arises from her couch a wonderful creation, from her glossy head, with every hair in place, to the toe of her tiny embroidered slipper. But it has taken the time of a half-dozen servants for three hours to get these results.

To one accustomed to the Chinese or Manchu mode of dress, she appears very beautiful. The rich array of colors, the embroidered gowns, the bright head-dress, make a striking picture. Often as the ladies of a home or palace came out on the veranda to greet me, or bid me adieu, I have been impressed with their wonderful beauty. Our own dull colors and cloth goods suffer greatly in comparison, and I could not blame these good ladies for looking upon us with more or less disdain.

WIFE OF A MONGOL PRINCE, AND FOUNDER OF A SCHOOL FOR MONGOLIAN GIRLS.

THE POETS' CORNER

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

By Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre;
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed in earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the old bald eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hill side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave,—

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again,—O wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment day;
And stand, with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

OLD DOBBIN

By William L. Keese.

I see old Dobbin through the fence;
how weak he looks, and old;
His hair is falling off in spots, he feels
the damp and cold;
He hangs his head, his step is slow—
'tis plain enough to see
His thirty years are more to him than
fifty are to me.

He shall not work another jot—not that
he would complain—
But from this hour he ne'er shall know
the touch of whip or rein.
Of all the horses on the farm he's been
the very best;
I should have thought of it before; but
now he shall have rest.

I call to my mind the colt he was, and
how I broke him in—
Whew! how he kicked and pranced and
plunged—t'was doubtful which
would win;
But I was young, as well as he, and
would not be denied;
And since, he's been as safe a nag as
man would wish to ride.

But never lacked in spirit, nor in steadiness, nor speed;
Many's the time his willing feet have answered urgent need.
When every moment was a gain to fleeting human breath,
He knew what precious minutes meant—and so defeated death.

Then, in my happy courting days, he knew the very night
That I would swing the stable door and greet him with delight.
He knew the girl I loved was waiting far away and fair;
He seemed to say, 'twill not be long before I take you there!

Then on my wedding-day he stood with others at the church;
No doubt he thought for just that once I left him in the lurch—
One face, one form, that day of days, was all that I could see;
I did not think of Dobbin then, what'er he thought of me.

And when the years had brought their grief and I learned joy's reverse,
He drew the little ones and me behind the gloomy hearse.
I cannot say that he divined how lonely was my lot;
But since, he has not been the same—I know that I have not!

And so thro' gladness and thro' grief old Dobbin has been near;
No wonder that he looks so old, when I have grown so sere.
I know full well that fifty years is youth to many men—
'Tis not the years, but that my heart has reached three score and ten!

So while I live his failing life shall naught but comfort know;
Old Dobbin, as I said at first, shall ne'er feel rein or blow.
The best of oats, the sweetest hay, the field to wander free,
Shall all be his—a poor return for all he's been to me!

IN SCHOOL DAYS

John G. Whittier.

Still sits the school house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official,
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial.

Years ago a winter's sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed,
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy,
Her childish favor singled.
A cap pulled low upon a face,
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow,
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands,
The blue checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes;
And felt the light hands soft caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Bcause, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man,
That sweet child face is showing,
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave,
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who go above him
Lament their triumph or his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

ALLIE MOORE

By Calet Lyon of Lyondale.

In the last night's dream I was a
A happy-hearted child,
And freely as the air I strolled
When greenest meadows smiled.
The robin caroled forth his song,
The sunlight glittered o'er
The road I used to go to school
Beside young Allie Moore.

The quail's low whistle rang aloud
We listened to the lay.
And oh! how quick the moments flew
Like fleetest steeds away.
My daisy gifts she had laid aside
When at the master's door,
For she had often heard him say
They littered up the floor.

Her eyes were of the softest blue
That decks the summer skies,
Her hair was sunlight silken curls,
Her voice sweet melodies;
Her gaze was like a timid faun,
Or dove about to roar;—
There was indeed a tender heart,
The gentle Allie Moore.

A truant boy I wandered fourth,
'Mong April's early hours,
And watched the bee and butterfly
Upon the opening flower;
And picked the beechnuts 'neath the
Roaming the woodland o'er,—
Yet all the biggest ones I kept
For lovely Allie Moore.

And when beneath the maple's shade
We'd linger side by side.—
She'd wonder I disliked my book
But never—never chide.—
And try to teach the letters there
Whose names I could not tell,
For I alas! had learned to love
Before I learned to spell.

In school time seated by her side,
With eyes upon the trees
That shaded a soft grassy knoll
Where coolly blew the breeze,
And when the master roughly spoke
"You idle boy!" in rage,
Tears glistened from her downcast
And glittered on the page.

For her I found the catbirds' nest
In wildwood's hidden dale
And bullrushes and buttercups
I gather from the vale:
The watercress beneath the wave,
The mint from marshy shore,
And berries red of wintergreen
I sought for Allie Moore.

And sometimes on my way to school
I'd stray to Alder brook,
And tying on a length of thread,
And bent pin for a hook,
I'd angle half the day away
By dingle and by dell,
And going home at night would coax
Dear Allie not to tell.

On afternoons of Saturdays,
Like uncaged birds we flew,
And chased the thistle's winged seed,
And pulled the violets blue,
And once I snared a little wren
On currant bushes low,
But the bright tears in Allie's eyes
Soon made me let it go.

For her I climbed the apple tree
Whose trunk was lithe and slim,
To get the ripest, reddest fruit
Upon the topmost limb.
Oh, happy days, to live again
Of innocence and glee,
For I was all the world to her,
And she the world to me.

Then I awoke a weary man,
For long, long years had flown;
The April of my life is o'er,
The glorious June has gone.
For only once the May flowers bloom
On childhood's blissful shore,
And only once the heart can love
As mine loved Allie Moore.

POEMS REQUESTED

A temperance piece entitled, "
Matters It to You? is wanted.

One of our readers would like to
the poem called, Digging Graves
the Wild Sea Shore. Two lines a
Alone I walked by the wild sea sho
Where the billows had burnished
sandy floor.

The following lines are part of
old song which is asked for:
While shepherds watch their flock
night,
All seated on the ground.

Part of a poem wanted is this:
You say you're beaten to earth, w
that?
Get up with a smiling face.

The Song and the Singer, of w
the following are the first two l
is wanted:
None shall part us from each oth
One in life and death are we.

Poems asked for are Webber's
Waltz by Jean Ingelow, and Tying
Bonnet Under Her Chin.

The poem entitled The Old Hom
requested. It begins:
The old house is now forsaken
By its former dwellers in.

Conquered at Last, a poem wr
by a young lady in Memphis soon
a scourge of yellow fever, is reque

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

HOME AND CHILDREN

I think life is about what we make it. In whatever sphere we find ourselves, our enjoyment and happiness depend more upon our own attitude towards the world, than our surroundings. To those who have expressed a desire to profit by the experience of others in rearing their children, I wish to say that I have brought up three of my own, and one orphan girl. I always acted upon the idea that if our home was pleasant, and the children could feel their parents desired their improvement and happiness above all else, there would be perfect confidence between parents and children. I believe that a wife and mother should use her abilities and talents to promote the welfare of both husband and children, as well as to be a benefit to her fellow beings.

I have been married 40 years, and have spent 28 of those years as a school teacher. I never have felt that necessity obliged me to teach, but I dearly loved the work. I gave it up to care for an aged parent, and I find my enjoyment in this. My two girls and one boy have left the rooftree for homes of their own, and while they all live far from me, I feel sure they are trying to live noble, pure lives. My son is a minister and lecturer, and I know his whole heart is in his work. I tried to make our home pleasant and attractive while they were in it, and always took time to devote to my children. Often my sitting room has been filled with boys and girls, and I would read to them in the evening for an hour, then they would take their books and devote some time in preparing lessons, and usually we ended the evening with some lively game, and now when my children pay us their yearly visits, I do not feel too old to enjoy their games.

About our housework. I think there should be system and then we can save a great deal of unnecessary work. I did my own housework part of the time while I was teaching. I always prepared my dinner while getting breakfast. For instance, the meat for dinner was put on the range when I first got up, and if I wanted a vegetable soup, the ingredients were put in, and when I came home at noon, the dinner was soon ready and steaming hot for us to sit down to and enjoy.

I think that parents too often let their work interfere with time that should be taken to devote to the interests of their children. What benefit is it to the child for a mother to stand over the ironing board and iron tucks and frills, when plain garb would do just as well, and more time could be taken to train the child, and money saved to educate them when they are older. My children all received a high school and classical education. My orphan girl is teaching and going to school. My mother is in her 94th year. Her mind is clear and she still loves to aid those in need. She has always had a heart to sympathize with those in distress, and I well remember, in the pioneer days, that often she filled an old black satchel with eatables, and I have taken it on horseback, many a time, to those who were sick and in need of assistance. I often think that truly she will one day hear the blessed summons: "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these, you have done it unto me."—Cheerful.

FROM A LODGE MEMBER

I enjoyed reading Olney Woman's description of her club's work. I have been a member of the Rebekah lodge for more than four years and will tell you of our way of raising funds, bedding, etc., for the Orphans' Home. We have a certain afternoon each week when we meet at the home of some lodge member for the purpose of making articles useful in the household. Part of the material is furnished by the lodge treasury, but when piecing quilts, each guest brings from her own home as large a bundle of "scraps" of calico as she expects to piece that day. In the course of the afternoon the hostess serves light refreshments, such as cake, cream, fruit, etc. The articles made, if not needed immediately at the Home, may be sold and the proceeds given to the Home or to any sick or needy person in the community.

This social work gives the members something to do, induces others to come in with us, and is enjoyed by all seemingly as much as regular work in the lodge. Have I outstayed my welcome? If not, I may come again.—A Vice Grand.

Your welcome had not even begun to wear out. Be sure you come again. This invitation is extended to all our letter writers.—Ed.

ROOT BEER

I have been a reader of The Blade for more than 26 years, and always look over the Household page. In a recent number I noticed that some one who signed herself Girlie, asked some "sister" to send a recipe for making root beer. I am not a sister, and do not expect to be, but I presume it will not matter to Girlie or anyone else who the recipe comes from, providing she gets the desired result. I have made root beer for a number of years, but never until about two years ago did I find a way that I call really good. Root beer, as I make it, is not only a beverage, but a tonic. I do not make it very sweet, but after one trial others who follow my recipe can sweeten it to suit their taste.

To make two gallons, take two ounces of new hops—get them from some brewer if you can, as drug store hops are expensive and one never knows how old they are—put them in an earthen vessel, pour on about one gallon of boiling water, give them a good stirring, and cover up airtight for at least 6 hours, then strain through a piece of cheesecloth or muslin. Pour the liquid back again in the same vessel for another six hours, or a day, for that matter, so the very fine particles will settle. When ready pour this into any kind of a vessel that will hold the required quantity, say three gallons, but pour it carefully so that no sediment gets into this vessel. The sediment is bitter. To this add enough warm water to make about two gallons, and add, also, two pounds of sugar and one-third of a 25-cent bottle of Hire's root beer. Do not use yeast of any kind. Stir this well until the sugar is dissolved, and then bottle. Have large corks, soak them in boiling water and force down half their length into the bottle, then tie securely. After it is bottled, keep the beer in a warm room for a couple of days, then put in the cellar. It will be ready to use in about five days. On opening a bottle the gas will come out like a little smoke and there will be about half an inch of foam on a glass. It will fizzle and sparkle like champagne, but it does not intoxicate. If you do not want to wait four or five days before using, you may put in half of a yeast cake, then it will be good to drink in about three days. I object to the yeast because when a bottle is opened so much of the beer goes toward the ceiling. I think after Girlie, and maybe some others of the readers, have tried it, they will adopt my method.—Sam.

INQUIRY ANSWERED

Mountain Flower—The formula for the hair tonic you ask for is this: A dram of alcoholic tincture of cantharides, half a dram of tincture of capsicum, two drams of tincture of nox vomica, three-quarters of an ounce of cocoa oil, and two and a half ounces of cologne. This should be shaken before using, and is massaged nightly into the scalp. It should be tried for six weeks before improvement could be noted.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Come to think it over, "life is a very funny proposition after all."

I think it must be pickling time or something, with the Cozy Corner members. Not enough of you are writing letters. Come to meeting.—Elizabeth.

Our most recent letter writers are Blue-Eyed Myrtle, Blessed, Nice Old Bachelor, The Children's Friend, Mary Storey Whitsitt and Somebody from the Golden Rod State.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

If you want to be unhappy think of yourself all the time. It's a sure way.

Tears will reach a man's heart once in awhile, but for everyday use he prefers sunny weather. Moral, "Don't cry, little girl, don't cry."

If you find the doll you loved the best is stuffed with sawdust, forget it. Find another doll.

"It takes all sorts and kinds of people to may the world," you say, with a feeling of superiority. Very true, but just remember you are part of the "all sorts and kinds."

If you can't have what you like, the next best thing is to like what you have.

Women, dear, cultivate, charm; it will last long after your beauty is gone. Home is a good place to practice.

How would like to have the things said of you that you sometimes say of others?

Instead of saying "blessings brighten as they take their flight," or words to that effect, learn, by heart, that troubles lighten as they pass away. Many a time it is "to laugh" at the thing that worried us yesterday.

BEAUTIFUL BUST

How to Get a PERFECT FORM

50c Box FREE

We want to send you free a 50c package of Dr. Catherine E. Kelly's wonderful treatment for making the bust plump and firm; also our booklet, "The Perfect Figure." Dr. Kelly used this treatment herself and it increased her own and her patients' bust measurements from 4 to 7 inches. Write today and enclose 10c to help pay distribution expenses, and a 50c treatment will be mailed at once in plain package. DR. KELLY CO., Dept. 44 F, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral, and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R.'s: I happened to be passing this way, and, seeing the "latchstring out," decided to drop in for a little chat. In answer to the question with reference to intemperance and war, how many of us will not say instantly that the former has been the cause of far more misery and heartaches than all the wars ever fought. The mother who gives up her son to fill a drunkard's grave, the wife who sees a loving husband transformed into a demon or a raving maniac as the result of yielding to the temptation of the "social glass," know a heartache and an agony which the fiercest war can never cause, for the latter kills only the body, while the former destroys both body and soul and with them all hope of that glorious reunion where there is neither pain nor death.

The loved one who dies for his country goes to his grave in honor and though our heart aches with our loss, we can remember him proudly and hope to meet him in the world beyond, but the drunkard sinks into oblivion, leaving only shame and hopeless tears for those who held him dear. God grant that the curse of intemperance may soon be blotted from our land forever.

We are asked, "What kind of a husband would you admire?" and while schoolteachers are proverbially "old maids," I have my idea of a husband and will pass it on to the M. G. R.'s for what it is worth. The man whom I could love and trust enough to give my happiness into his keeping must be a Christian, kind, honorable, chivalrous and true, one who would be ready to extend a helping hand to a fallen brother, realizing that he, himself, was not perfect nor above temptation.

Dorothy B: Most assuredly there is hope for you. Your letter was well written and gave me the impression that you underrated yourself. Even without the opportunity of attending school still open to you, you might acquire a creditable education if you are determined, but, with it, your way will be much easier, though you must prepare yourself for many a heartache, for you will, no doubt, feel it keenly when you must enter a class with pupils younger than yourself.

As I greatly enjoy hearing the M. G. R.'s "air their views" on different subjects I would like to suggest for discussion the question which is just now receiving so large a share of attention, "Shall Women Vote?"—Lurlee.

Suppose we have a brief "for and against" discussion of the voting question.—Miss Prudence.

I have just finished reading the Merry-Go-Round column and I cannot resist the temptation to write any longer. I love to read the letters of the Household page. They are a great help to me. It is just like some dear friend coming out in these lonely woods to visit me. This neighborhood is thickly settled, but the neighbors never visit much. There are no young folks in this part of the country at all, and for a young girl of central Illinois it is rather lonesome. We have been here over three years. I keep house for my father and two sisters. One is 4 years old and the other one is 14. She is a great help, but she goes to school and, of course, cannot do much. My brother is in Wyoming, but he will come home in about two weeks. It won't be quite so lonesome then.

It never used to be lonesome here, but that was when mamma was with us. She has been gone two years now. A girl doesn't know how much she really loves her mother until she is gone forever. As lonesome as I get and as much as I miss her I would not call her back from her peaceful, happy rest.

Edna, you cannot live very far from here. We live ten miles from Calico and we can see the mountain you live on from there. I think of you lots of times when I get sad and lonesome. I think I would be happy if I were in your place, for I love the woods. That is one blessing that I have, living here so close to nature. White river, the clear, beautiful stream, is just a mile from our house. We live on a hill and I can see the river from here, as it winds in and out of the woods. The railroad is between here and the river. There is beautiful scenery everywhere.

Dear Dorothy B.: I certainly know how to feel for you. I am 16 years old and only in the eighth grade, but I have not been much to school out here and I love to go. I will go to college this winter. It is just 12 miles from here.

I love books. I could read all the time, but, of course, I cannot, as I do all the housework, take care of my sister and work in the field sometimes. Oh, my, but my letter is getting long, and I just intended to write a short note. I will close and maybe I will write a shorter one next time.—Brown-Eyed Edna.

Good evening to you, one and all. As I have been sitting over in the corner listening for so long to the rest of you, I have decided to break my silence and tell you that I am still here and enjoy your conversation very much. I have received so much good from your talks that I do not like to disturb you, but as I soon shall enter the schoolroom again, and if I mind the old saying, I will have to put on a long face and be crabbed, but I guess I shall not do that, for I always find it much better to meet every one with a smile and get a smile in return. It is so easy to be cheerful. It is only a habit, and as one of my instructors said in institute this year, if we do a thing and keep on doing that thing, we form the habit.

What is the use of worry? It only causes us to be unhappy and to make others unhappy.

I think I hear some one saying, "I wish he would sit down." I shall do that presently, but first I wish to give you a quotation from Lowell which I think is grand:

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
Then will thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad or lone.

Bidding you all good-night, and wishing you pleasant dreams, I am—Merry Teen, of W. Va.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

A laugh is just like music—it freshens all the day,
It tips the peaks of life with light,
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine for cheering folks along!

Too much novel reading is a bad habit. After awhile you begin to think in plots and get silly notions.

Do any of the M. G. R. circle belong to clubs, and if so, what do you do and what is your club's object. Write and tell something about it.

Thelma of Iowa—Will you send your address to the Editor of the Household Page, and oblige, Miss Prudence.

Letters recently received are from The Pan Handle Girl, Effie, Isabelle Maud and Little Mountain State Girl.

Olive Branch, what has become of you? Are you lost in the tall timber? Come out and join us. The invitation is unanimous.—Miss Prudence.

CONCERNING NOSES

I am sure that the skin of noses would be finer if something besides water were used in cleansing. There is no question but that the external covering of that most conspicuous organ is rarely a fine texture, and large pores, the prevailing trouble, do not improve it. But these can be decreased in size if a camphor water lotion should be used with unfailing regularity, and as the preparation is not expensive it may serve as a substitute for water. It is made by dissolving a quarter of an ounce of borax and half an ounce of glycerine in a pint of camphor water. This application is no high road to beauty, but after it has been applied constantly for days and weeks the texture of the skin usually improves. The liquid should be put on with a bit of soft old muslin, wiping gently, to cleanse without irritating the skin. Another wash is usually required to remove the soil and the second application dries on. This may or may not be rinsed off with warm water.

If the skin on the nose shows a tendency to chap another astringent wash may be better suited, for occasionally the camphor water lotion will be too drying. Incidentally, if the preparation seems to have a drying effect it may be tried without the borax. Camphor water by itself is also desirable.

A lotion that will act favorably, especially if the nose is inclined to redness, is made from a dram of iodide of potassium, half a pint of water and half an ounce of glycerine. The iodide should be dissolved in the water before the glycerine is added. It should be mopped over the nose and allowed to dry on. It may also serve as a complexion wash, and faithful use of it as a substitute for water will sometimes clear the skin.

If one is so unfortunate as to have a decidedly red nose an agent having more strength may be tried. Such a one is made from 100 grams of benzoate of soda, 10 grams of glycerin and five grams of alcohol. Like the others, it is applied frequently and dries on.

It is the part of wisdom for a person who has a red nose to drink nothing that is hot in temperature, for then this organ will flame in sympathy. Also all rich foods should be avoided and care must be taken that the liver daily performs its functions. Much exercise in the open air should be indulged in, and with patience and persistence a decided improvement will follow.

HER PHYSICIAN ADVISED

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Columbus, Ohio.—"I have ta
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable C
pound during
change of life.
doctor told m
was good, and s
taking it I fee
much better th
can do all my w
again. I th
Lydia E. Pinkha
Vegetable C
pound a fine rem
for all wom
troubles, and
never forget to
my friends what it has done for m
—Mrs. E. HANSON, 304 East Long
Columbus, Ohio.

Another Woman Helped.

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was pas
through the Change of Life and suffe
from nervousness and other annoy
symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Veg
table Compound restored my health
strength, and proved worth mountai
of gold to me. For the sake of o
suffering women I am willing
should publish my letter."—M
CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Gran
ville, Vt.

Women who are passing through
critical period or who are suffe
from any of those distressing ills
culiar to their sex should not lose s
of the fact that for thirty years Ly
E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compou
which is made from roots and he
has been the standard remedy
female ills. In almost every com
nity you will find women who h
been restored to health by Lydia
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

R. COOK'S THRILLING STORY OF ADVENTURE

Continued from First Page.

heads brightened. It became pos- le to breathe without being choked h floating crystals, and as the ice ut the facial furs was broken a lit- blue was detected in the west. The dogs were freed of snow en- glements and fed, and a shelter s made in which to melt snow and ke tea. A double ration was eat- and then the sleds began to move in.

Soon the sun burst through the sep- ting clouds and raised its icy spires a tower of glitter. The wind then sed entirely and a scence of crys- glory was laid over the storm pt fields. With full stomachs, fair ther and a much needed rest we red with inspiration anew. In- d, we felt refreshed as one does er a cold bath.

The pack had been much disturbed d considerable time and distance re lost in seeking a workable line of vel. Camping at midnight, we had y made nine miles for the day's rt.

Awakening in time for observation the morning of the 30th, the ther was found beautifully clear. e fog, which had persistently ened the west, had vanished and d was discovered at some distance ending parallel to the line of rch from the southwest to the thwest. The observations placed at latitude 84 degrees 50 minutes, gitude 95 degrees 36 minutes.

In the occasional clearing spells for veral days we had seen sharply de- d land clouds drifting over a low d of pearly fog, and we had ex- cted to see land when this veil lift- We had, however, not anticipated see so long a line of coast. The d as we saw it gave the impres- n of being two islands, but our ob- rvations were insufficient to warrant h an assertion. They may be is- nds, they may be part of a larger d extending to the west. What was n of the most southerly coast ex- de from 93 degrees 20 minutes to degrees 51 minutes, close to the d meridian.

This land has an irregular moun- nous skyline, is perhaps 1,500 feet h, and resembles in its upper shes the high lands of Hiebery nd. The lower shore line was at time visible. This land is probably rt of Crocker Land.

From 84 degrees 23 minutes, ex- ding to 85 degrees 11 minutes. se to the 102d meridian, the coast uite straight. Its upper surface is and mostly ice capped, rising in gs cliffs to about 1,200 feet. The er surface was so indistinctly seen t we were unable to detect glacial ems or ice walls. Both lands were elessly buried under accumulating ows.

We were eager to set foot on the ly discovered coast, for we be- ved then, as proved by later ex- rience, that these were the earth- northernmost rocks, but the press- need for rapid advance as the aim our main mission did not permit of ours. Resolutions were reinforced d energy was harbored to press on- rd for the pole in an air line.

ain Forward in Desperate Marches

Every observation, however, indi- ted an easterly drift, and a westerly rse must be continuously forced counterbalance the movement. A rtain was drawn over the land in afternoon of March 31, and we no more of it. Day after day we pushed along in desperate north- rd efforts. Strong winds and frac- ed irregular ice increased the diffi- ties; progress was slow.

In one way or other we managed to n a fair march between storms ing each 24 hours. In an occasion- spell of stillness mirages spread eens of fantasy for our entertain- nt. Curious cliffs, odd shaped untains and inverted ice walls re displayed in attractive colors. coveries were made often, but with arer horizon the deception was de- ted.

On April 3 the barometer remained ady and the thermometer sank. e weather became settled and clear. e pack baceame a more permanent ter of color and joy. At noon there s now dazzling light, while the sun midnight sank for but a few mo- nts, leaving the frosted blues bath- in noonday splendor.

In these days we made long rches. The ice steadily improved. lds became larger and thicker, the ssure lines less frequent and less acherous. Nothing changed mate- ly the horizon moved, our footing s seemingly a solid crust of earth. t it shifted eastward; all was in otion.

We moved, but we took our land- pe with us. Often we were too ed to build snow houses, and in er exhaustion we bivouacked in lee of hummocks. Here the over- rked body called for sleep, but the d refused to close the eye.

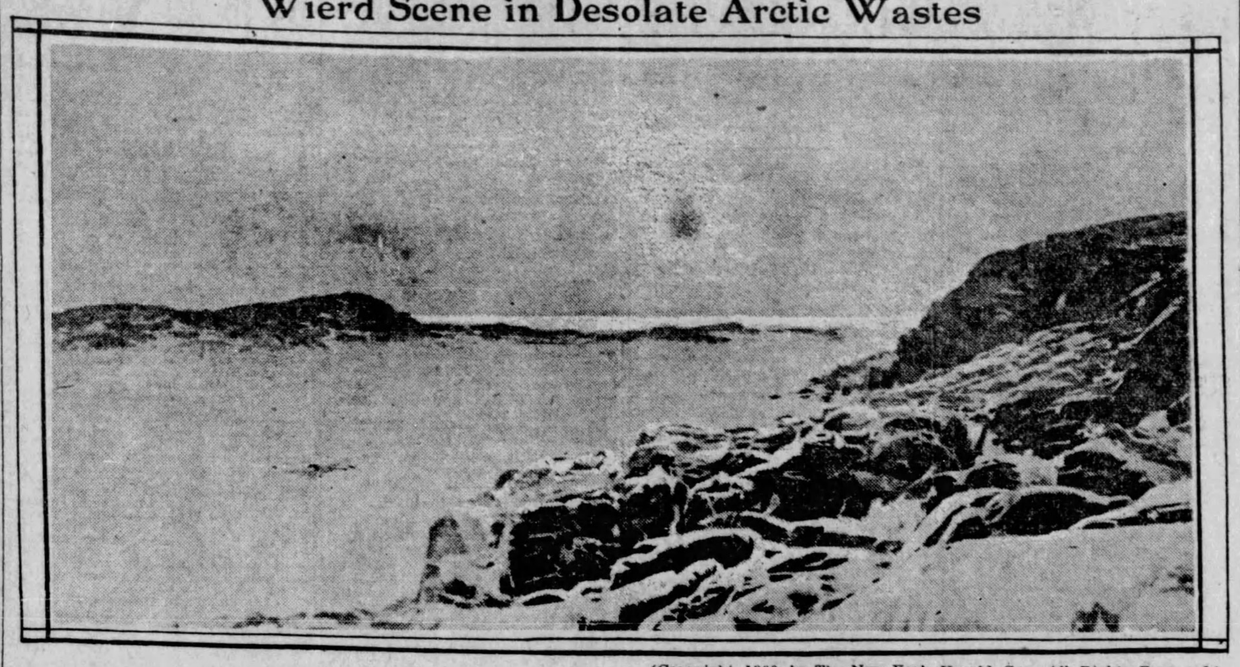
There was a weird attraction in the omaly of our surroundings which oused the spirits. We had passed ond the range of all life. For ny days we had not seen a sugges- n of animated nature. There were longer footprints to indicate other no breath spouts escaped from frosty bosom of the sea.

Alone in Lifeless World.

We were alone—all alone in a life- world. We had come to this ntal blank in slow but progressive ges. As we sailed from the barren as of the fisher folk along the out- ts of civilization the complex lux- of the metropolis was lost and the in called for food.

Beyond, in the half savage wilder- s of Danish Greenland, there was dawn of a new life of primitive ght. Still further along, in the ima Thule of the aborigines, the

Wierd Scene in Desolate Arctic Wastes



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This extraordinary picture was photographed by Dr. Cook when well toward the North Pole. It shows the midnight sun shining, pale and cold, on a scene of frigid desolation.

sun rose over the days of prehistoric joys. Advancing beyond the haunts of man, we reached the noonday splendor of thought in times before man's creation.

Now, as we pushed beyond the habitat of all creatures—ever onward—into the sterile wastes, the sun set. Beyond was night and hopelessness. With eager eyes we searched the dusky plain of frost, but here was no speck of life to grace the purple rim of death.

In this mid-polar basin the ice does not readily escape and disentangle. It is probably in motion at all times of the year, and in the readjustment of the fields following motion and expansion there are open spaces of water, and these during most months are quickly sheeted with new ice.

In these troubled areas we were given frequent opportunities to measure ice thickness, and from these we have come to the conclusion that the ice during one year does not free to a depth of more than ten feet. But much of the ice of the central pack reaches a depth of from 20 to 25 feet and occasionally we crossed fields 50 feet thick. These invariably showed the signs of many years of surface upbuilding.

It is very difficult to surmise the amount of submerged freezing after the first year, but the very uniform thickness of the Antarctic sea ice leads to the suggestion that a limit is reached in the second year, when the ice, with its cover of snow, is so thick that very little is added afterward from below.

The almost ceaseless snowfall, combined with the alternate melting and freezing of summer, and also the natural process of glacial ice, leave no doubt that sea ice is capable of an almost limitless increase of its superstructure. The very heavy, undulating fields which give character to the mid-polar ice and escape along the east and west coasts of Greenland are, therefore, mostly augmented from the surface.

Over the newly discovered coast lines was written Bradley Land, in honor of John R. Bradley, the most important benefactor of the expedition. As we passed north of this land there was nothing substantial upon which to fix the eye.

There was at no time a perfectly clear horizon, but the weather was good enough to permit frequent nautical observations. The course was lined on uninteresting blank sheets, but there were elusive signs of land frequent enough to keep up an exploring enthusiasm.

Man, under the pressure of circumstances, will adapt himself to most conditions of life and to us the other world environment of the polar pack, far from terrestrial solidity, was beginning to be quite natural. There was at the time sufficient surprise and novelty, mingled with pleasurable anticipation, not painful torture, to compel mental interest and physical action.

Thus day after day the marches were forced. The incidents and positions recorded, but the adventures were promptly forgotten in the mental bleach of the next day's effort. The night of April 7 was made notable by the swing of the sun at midnight. For a number of nights it made grim faces at us in its setting. A teasing mist, drawn as a curtain over the northern seat at midnight, had given curious advantage for celestial staging; settling into this haze we were unable to determine sharply the advent of the midnight sun, but here was a spectacular play which interested us immensely.

Now the great bulk was drawn out egg-shaped, with horizontal lines drawn through it. Again it was pressed into a basin with flashing fires, burning behind a curtain of frosts; blue at other times, it appeared like a huge vase, and it required very little imagination to see purple and violet flowers.

The change was often like magic, but the last display was invariably a face—distorted faces of men or animals were made to suit our fancy.

We had, therefore followed the sun's northward advance—from its first peep, at midday, above the south ice of the polar gateway to its sweep of the northern ice at midnight. From the end of the polar night, late in February, to the first of the double days and midnight suns we had forced a trail through darkness, blood-hardening temperature and over leg-breaking irregularities of an unknown world of ice to an area 200 miles from the pole. To this point our destinies had been guarded very well and ultimate success seemed within grasp, but we were not blind to the long line of desperate effort still required to push over the last distance.

Now we had the sun unmistakably at midnight, and its new glory was quite an incentive to our life of shivers. Observations on April 8 placed camp at latitude 86 degrees 36 minutes, longitude 24 degrees 2 minutes.

Move Forward Slowly.

In spite of what seemed like long marches, we had only advanced 96 miles in nine days. Much of our hard work was lost in circuitous twists around troublesome pressure lines and high, irregular fields of very old ice. The drift ice was throwing us to the east with sufficient force to give us some anxiety, but with eyes closed to danger and hardships the double days of fatigue and glitter quickly followed one another.

The temperature, ranging between 36 and 46 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, kept persistently near the freezing point of mercury, and, though the heat of the perpetual sun gave light and color to the cheerless wastes, we were not impressed with any appreciable sense of warmth. Indeed, the sunbeams seemed to make the frost of the air pierce with a more painful sting.

There was a weird play of orgies, seemingly most impressive at this time—clouds of steam rose from the frozen seas. In marching over the golden glitter snow scalds the face, while the nose is bleached with frost. The sun rose into zones of fire and set into burning fields of ice, but with pain we breathe the chill of death.

All Nature Was False.

In camp a grip of the knife left painful burns from cold metal. To the frozen finger the water was hot. With with spirits the fire was lighted, while oil delighted the stomach. In dreams heaven was hot, the other place was cold. All nature was false; we seemed to be nearing the chilled flame of a new Hades. In our hard life there was nothing genuinely warm. The congenial appearances were all deception, but death offered only cold comfort. There was no advantage in suicide.

We should have enjoyed this curious experience, but, with endless bodily discomforts, combined in aching muscles, and an overbearing glacial foliage, there could be no real joys from the glories of nature. The pleasure was reserved for a later retrospect.

We now changed our working hours from day to night, beginning usually at 10 and ending at 7. The big marches and prolonged hours of travel with which fortune favored us earlier were no longer possible. Weather conditions were more important in determining the day's run than the hands of the chronometers.

When the storms threatened the start was delayed, and in strong blows the march was shortened, but in one way or another we usually found a few hours in each turn of the dial during which a march could be forced between winds. It mattered little whether we traveled night or day—all hours and all days were alike to us—for we had no accustomed time to rest, no Sundays, no holiday, no landmarks or mile posts to pass. To advance and exceed the energy accumulated during one sleep at the cost of our pound of pemmican was the one sole aim of life.

The observations of April 11 gave latitude 87 degrees 20 minutes longitude 95 minutes 19 seconds. The pack disturbance of Bradley Land was less and less noted in the northward movement. The fields became heavier, larger and less crevassed. Fewer troublesome old floes and less crushed new ice were encountered. With the improved conditions the fire of a racing spirit came for a brief spell.

We had now passed the highest reaches of all our predecessors and had gained the inspiration of the farthest north for ourselves. The time was at hand, however, to consider seriously the necessity of an early return.

Survival of the Fittest.

Nearly half of the food allowance had been used. In the long marches supplies had been more liberally used than anticipated, and now our dog teams were much reduced in numbers. A hard necessity had forced the cruel law of the survival of the fittest, for the less useful dogs were fed to the steady working survivors. Owing to the food limits and the advancing season we could not prudently continue the outward march a fortnight longer.

We had dragged ourselves 300 miles over the polar sea in 24 days. Including delays and detours, this gave an average of nearly 13 miles daily on an air line in our course. There remained an unknown line of 150 miles before our ambitions could be satisfied. The same average advance which we had made on the pack would take us to the pole in 13 days. There was food and fuel enough to risk this adventure.

With usual luck the prize seemed within grasp, but a prolonged storm, a deep snowfall or an active pack with open water would make our effort a failure.

In the diary of the succeeding days' doings there appear numerous tabulations of work and observations. In the new cracks the thickness of the ice was measured. The water was examined for life. The technical details for the making and breaking of ice were studied, and some attention was given to the altitude of uplifted and submerged irregularities.

Data to Come Later.

Atmospheric, surface water and ice temperatures were taken; the barometer was noted, the cloud formations, weather conditions and ice drifts were tabulated. There was a continuous routine of work, which does not appear here. It belongs to the specific details of the history of the exploration, which will appear in the later publication of scientific data.

This work, like the effort of the foot in the daily drive of duty, became more or less automatic, and does not at any time enter as an active part of the story. As we now run along over seemingly endless fields of ice, the physical appearances come under a careful scrutiny. I watched daily for possible signs of dangerous failure in strength, for serious disability now meant a fatal termination.

A disabled man could neither continue nor return, but every examination gave another reason to push human endurance to the limit of every fiber and cell. The hard work which followed, under an occasional burst of burning sunbeams brought intense thirst.

Forcing the habit of the camel, we managed to take enough water before starting to keep sufficient liquid in the veins for the day's march, but it was difficult to await the melting of the ice at camping time.

Water Greatest Bane.

In two sittings—evening and morning—each took an average of three quarts of water daily. This included the tea, another legend of the luxury of an occasional soup. There was water about everywhere in heaps, but it was in crystals, and before the thirst could be quenched several ounces of precious fuel, which had been carried thousands of miles, must be used. And still the water, so expensive and so necessary to us, ultimately became the greatest bane to comfort. It escaped through the pores of the skin, saturated the boots, formed a band of ice under the knee and a belt of frost about the waist, while the face was nearly always encased in a mask of icicles from the breath—a necessary part of our hard lot in life, and we learned to take the torture philosophically. "From ice it comes, to ice it goes," like other elements of the body, when the good preacher pronounces the last words, "from dust to dust."

From the eighty-seventh to the eighty-eighth parallel we passed for two days over old ice without pressure lines or hummocks. There was no discernible line of demarkation for the fields, and it was quite impossible to determine if we were on land or sea ice. The barometer indicated no elevation, but the ice had the hard, waving surface of glacial ice, with only superficial crevasses.

Land or Sea—Which?

The water obtained from this was not salty, but all of the upper surface of the ice of the polar sea makes similar water. The nautical observations did not seem to indicate a drift, but nevertheless the combined tabulations did not warrant the positive assertion of either land or sea for this area.

This ice gave a cheering prospect, a plain of purple and blue ran in easy undulations to the limits of vision without the usual barriers of uplifted blocks. Over it a direct air line course was possible. Progress, nowever, was quite as difficult as over the irregular pack. The snow was crusted with large crystals. An increased friction reduced the speed, while the surface, too hard for snowshoes, was also too weak to give a secure footing. The lonelinss, the monotony, the hardship of steady, unrelieved travel were now keenly felt.

It is not often that man's horsepower is put to the test as ours was. We were compelled to develop a working energy to the limit of animal capacity. Day after day we had pushed along at the same steady pace over plains of frost and through a mental desert.

Labored Until Exhausted.

As the eye opened at the end of an icy slumber the fire was lighted little by little, the stomach was filled with liquids and solids, mostly cold—enough to last for the day, for there could be no halt or waste of fuel for midday feeding. We next got into harness and paced off the day's pull under the lash of duty; we worked until standing became impossible—longer in light winds, shorter in strong winds, but always until the frost became numb and heavy.

Then came the arduous task of building a snow house. In this the eyes, no longer able to wink, closed, but soon the empty stomach complained, and it was filled up again—not with things that pleased the palate. Only hard fuel to feed the inner fires, while the ear sought the soft side of ice to dispel fatigue. No pleasure in mental recreation, nothing to arouse the soul from its icy inclosure.

To eat, to sleep, to press one foot ahead of the other, was our steady vocation. Like the horse to the cart, but we had not his advantage of an agreeable climate and a comfortable stable at nght.

Words and pictures cannot adequately describe the maddening influence of this sameness of polar glitter, combined with bitter winds, extreme cold and an overworked body. To make a severe test for myself there was always the encouragement of Arctic achievement—the outcome of ultimate success. But for my young savage companions it was a torment almost beyond endurance. Their weariness was made evident by a lax use of the whip and an indifferent urging of the dogs. They were, however, brave and faithful to the bitter end, seldom allowing selfish ambitions or uncontrollable passions seriously to interfere with the main effort of the expedition.

On the morning of April 13 a strain of agitating torment reached a breaking point. For days there had been a steady cutting wind from the west, which drove despair to its lowest reaches. The west again blackened, to renew its soul despairing blast. The sun was screened with ugly vapors, and the path was as cheerless as the Arctic night.

No Torment Could Be Worse.

No torment could be worse than that never ceasing rush of icy air. Ahwelah bent over his sled and refused to move. His dogs turned and looked inquiringly; I walked over and stood by his side. Etukishook came near and stood motionless, staring blankly at the southern skies. Large tears fell from Ahwelah's eyes and piled a little frost of sadness in the blaze of his own shadow for several minutes; not a word was uttered, but I knew that each felt that the time had come to free the fetters of human passions. Slowly Ahwelah said: "Unne Sinig pa—ovabtonic i-o-doria." It is well to die—beyond is impossible.

(To Be Continued.)

NO HONEST MINISTERS?

Are Forced to Live Lives of Lies, Says Pastor.

Lawrence, Kas., Oct. 1.—"I don't believe a minister of the gospel can lead an honest life now," was the startling statement made yesterday by the Rev. D. H. Carrick, who has just resigned from the pastorate of the North Lawrence Christian church.

Mr. Carrick has given up his former ambition to spend his days teaching the religion of Christ to humanity and has accepted a position with the Lawrence Street Railway company as a conductor.

"The public never sees behind the screen of the pastor's home," said Mr. Carrick, "or it might realize the trials, the griefs, the pains which the pastor and his wife are forced to bear. A minister's wife cannot even make a pretense of dressing or dining well or the people will think they are paying the pastor too much or that he ought to save part of his salary and give it to missions. He cannot put on a pair of patent leather shoes without every single person who has contributed the smallest mite toward his salary looking at them as if to say 'I helped pay for those shoes; there's where our money goes.'

"No, sir. I don't believe a minister can live a really honest life. If he preaches the truth he will be condemning the lives of most of his congregation and offending them. He passes over this and that and lives a lie every day of his life in order not to offend the influential members of his congregation.

"Thank God I am earning an honest living now and nobody can criticise me."

SPAIN HOLDS FAST

Will Take Big Territory in Morocco.

Madrid, Oct. 2.—It is understood here that the government after consultation with General Marina, the commander of the Spanish forces in Morocco, has decided to continue aggressive operations against the Moors. Reinforcements to the number of 15,000 men will be sent to Africa. This will give General Marina an army of 75,000 men. Mount Guruga will be permanently occupied, and in addition the Spaniards will hold a big piece of territory with Tetuan as a base until the payment by Morocco of an indemnity of $20,000,000.

EXPLORER AT HOME

New York, Sept. 30.—With the flag of the Peary Arctic club at her masthead, the little steamer Roosevelt, which bore Commander Peary on his quest of the norh pole, entered New York harbor today. It was barely daylight when the lookouts described the vessel off Sandy Hook, coming slowly. Few of the vessels in the lower bay recognized the arctic steamer as she rounded the hook.

Off the point of the hook the Roosevelt gave three triumphant screams of her siren and ran up the Peary Arctic flag at her masthead, then the flag of the New York Yacht club at her fore, and the American ensign at her mizzen. Turning that point of the hook the Roosevelt headed into the horeshoe and anchored there, within half a mile of the government dock.

Commander Peary's ship arrives in the nick of time, to participate in the closing ceremonies of the Hudson-Fulton celebration. She will take part in the naval parade which, tomorrow, will go up the Hudson as far as Newburg.

Captain Bartlett, of the Roosevelt, said that his vessel would lie at anchor inside of Sandy Hook until early tomorrow morning and then proceed to an anchorage in the Hudson river off Forty-second street.

WHITNEY EXPLAINS FAILURE TO GET COOK'S GOODS

New York, Sept. 30.—The following dispatch has been received by the Associated Press from Harry Whitney, the New Haven hunter, who arrived at St. Johns, N. F., by the schooner Jeanie on his way home:

"Stephenville Crossing, Newfoundland, September 29.

"So many questions are being asked of me by different papers that I desire to make the following statement through the Associated Press: My reasons for not going back to Etah for Dr. Cook's things were that the engine in the Jeanie, one of the smallest boats that ever went to the North Arctic, was not working satisfactorily and we were depending partly on sails, which later we had to do entirely. There was no reason why the Jeanie could not have gone back, but, not knowing that Dr. Cook's things left with me were of such importance as they have since turned out to be, I did not return. In addition, I had promised the Eskimos, who were with me after musk oxen in Ellesmere Land, certain things I expected on the ship coming for me, but they were not aboard the Jeanie, and I did not want to return and disappoint the men. Another reason was that I wanted to prolong my hunting trip, which I was able to do by not going back, but by cutting across Smith sound from North Star bay and following the edge of the ice south.

"I do not believe that either Dr. Cook or Commander Peary, if placed in my position, would have done any differently than I did, nor would they, having started south for civilization, have turned back. I had never seen Dr. Cook until I met him in the Arctic. He told me he had been to the North Pole, and I was pledged not to reveal this to Commander Peary, but I could say that he had gone further north than Peary in 1906.

"Commander Peary, to my knowledge, knew absolutely nothing about what had been left with me by Dr. Cook, except that I mentioned instruments, clothes and furs and also a narwhal horn. Dr. Cook's belongings left in my charge were placed in boxes, which were nailed up. Then I saw the Eskimos cover them with rocks.

"No one could have been kinder to me or shown me more consideration than Commander Peary did while I was on the Roosevelt, and he said he would be very glad to have me remain aboard and return with him instead of joining the Jeanie. Harry Whitney."

BOTH MEN REACHED POLE IS OPINION OF WHITNEY

St. Johns, N. F., Sept. 29.—Harry Whitney, the New Haven sportsman, today made a few additions to his story of his relations with Dr. Cook and Commander Peary.

Mr. Whitney believes that Dr. Frederick A. Cook found the pole and that Commander Peary did the some. In expressing this belief today, Mr. Whitney said that he knows no reason for doubting Cook more than Peary. "Dr. Cook's story," he added, "seems to me truthful and probable. Nothing else would explain his 12 months' absence."

It had been remarked in passing, Mr. Whitney went on, that 10 years ago Peary did with the explorer Sverdrup, who was cruising in Smith Sound, what he has done with Cook: He refused to bring back any of Sverdrup's letters or records.

Continuing his recital, Mr. Whitney said that when the Roosevelt left Etah she proceeded south and on meeting the Jeanie, Whitney transferred to that vessel.

Asked why he did not return to Etah and get Cook's property after he had joined the Jeanie, Whitney replied that he and Captain Bartlett debated that point at length. Bartlett wanted him to go back, but he was in this predicament: He had promised his chief Eskimo a Winchester rifle which was to have been brought up by the Jeanie, but for some reason this weapon was not on board, and before Whitney left Etah he had arranged the matter with the Eskimo by giving him an equivalent for the rifle. He explained that he did not like to go back to Etah, and when asked for the rifle have to admit that it was not on board. Mr. Whitney therefore decided to go bear hunting.

In conclusion, Mr. Whitney declared he regretted being dragged into this controversy. He said he had found both Cook and Commander Peary courteous and considerate, and that he had never met any men whose conduct generally was more commendable or whose dealing with him had been more fair.

Mr. Whitney left last night for Sydney and will proceed from that point to Boston. He received messages from Commander Peary, complaining that he had not fully informed the commander about the nature of Dr. Cook's belongings left with Whitney at Etah. Mr. Whitney says that Commander Peary is in error, as he informed him fully, and Captain Bartlett, of the Roosevelt, saw all the things as he helped Mr. Whitney to bury them at Etah after Peary had refused to take them aboard his vessel.

DANES WILL BE FIRST TO SEE COOK'S RECORDS

New York, Oct. 2.—The request of the National Geographic society to Commander Peary and Dr. Cook to submit all their observations, notes and data speedily to a competent scientific commission "in the United States," will, in all probability, not be fulfilled.

Dr. Cook has repeatedly expressed his determination to lay all his records and instruments primarily before the University of Copenhagen, which was the first to recognize him officially as the discoverer of the north pole.

The delay caused by the detention of some of Dr. Cook's instruments at Etah, where they were left in charge of Harry Whitney, may induce him to alter his decision, but up to the present he has not changed his original intentions.

He has with him the entire record of his journey, and also the chronometer watches he took with him to the pole. The chronometer watches will be sent at once to the proper authorities in America for correction. The other instruments, comprising the sextant, the artificial horizon and the compasses, are still at Etah, and Dr. Cook says their presence here and the scientific certification of their accuracy are absolutely necessary before he can submit his data to a properly organized scientific committee for approval.

He maintains the utmost confidence in the correctness of his observations, declaring that his instruments were the best obtainable and perhaps superior to those used on former expeditions.

When asked why he will not submit his data first to an American body of scientists, his reply was that he had hitherto not been asked to do so and that he felt he owed it to the Danes, who had honored him before all his records in advance.

HEAD FOR OLD MEXICO

Bandits Get Away With $10,000.

Glenwood Springs, Col., Sept. 30.—Two armed posses are scouring the mountains in the vicinity of this city in the hope of capturing the two bandits who, yesterday afternoon, robbed the Citizens' National bank of Glenwood Springs of $10,000.

The robbery, the most spectacular ever known in the west, took place in broad daylight while the street in front of the little bank was thronged with summer resorters. The robbers elbowed their way through the crowd and entered the bank.

F. E. Drach, the acting cashier, was at the window. The robbers wore no masks. Drach and his bookkeeper were compelled to throw up their hands, and they did so, one of the men emptied the contents of the safe into a sack and the two made their way out of the rear door, mounted horses and galloped for the mountains.

The old trail from the once notorious Jackson's Hole to Mexico passes in this vicinity, and it is thought the bandits have gained this trail and are on their way to Mexico. In this event the officers believe the chances of the bandits are good for escape. During the flight one of the bandit's horses was shot down, but the men continued their flight on the one remaining animal.

GIRL FIGHTS DEVIL FISH

Monster Grasps Her With His Squirming Tentacles.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 2.—Miss Mary Seymour is at her home here today recovering from the shock and injuries inflicted by a big devil fish which nearly drowned her in the surf at Long Beach yesterday. Miss Seymour, who is an expert swimmer, went out beyond the life line near the pier, when the octopus grasped her with its tentacles. Screaming in horror she struck for one of the pilings of the pier while the monster wound itself about her legs. She managed to lay hold of the pile and her shrieks brought life savers to her aid. When rescued she had fainted.

CHURCHMEN DIFFER

Rock River, Ill., Oct. 1.—The Rock River conference was split wide open yesterday on the question of whether preachers accused of immorality should be "whitewashed" or read out of the church with the stamp of official condemnation affixed to them.

In the face of an attempt to permit Rev. John E. Farmer, of DeKalb, to withdraw from the ministry and retain his membership in the church and to give him a clean bill of health, despite the fact that he had been accused of improper conduct with women in Chicago, Rev. F. F. Farmiloe, of Downers Grove, and Rev. William H. Burns, of the Fowler church, in Chicago, stood out and made a determined fight against any sort of "whitewashing." They told the members of the conference that it was due to Mr. Farmer and other ministers similarly accused, and due also to the church, that the conference meet the question of pastoral immorality fairly and squarely and either acquit the accused ministers of wrongdoing or expel them from the church.

With the Leek-Lavender-Crawford cases and the case of Rev. Perly Powers coming on today for the action of the conference on the withdrawal of Dr. Leek and Dr. Powers, the struggle over the Farmer case was taken as a crucial test of the manner in which the conference will dispose of the other cases.

The fight in the Farmer case was waged on the floor of the conference after Rev. S. C. Moore, district superintendent of the Dixon district, had reported that Mr. Farmer had resigned the ministry and had stated in reply to immediate questions, that there were no charges against Mr. Farmer. Exciting scenes marked the discussion of the case, and feeling ran high among the ministers. The climax came when the so-called "whitewashing" resignation was accepted by a close vote, and the final scene occurred when Bishop Vincent ruled, amid numerous protests, that a motion to lay on the table the motion of Dr. Farmilce to reconsider the action on the resignation had been carried.

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Goods shipped in plain sealed case—no marks to indicate contents.

When it arrives—try it—every bottle if you like. Then, if you don't find it all we claim—one of the most exquisite whiskies you ever tasted and equal to any you could buy in your city for $5—send it back at our expense and your $3.20 will be returned by first mail.

THINK OF IT—THIS IS AT THE RATE OF ONLY 80 CENTS A QUART FOR THIS HIGHEST GRADE BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY.

—a whiskey that is distilled, aged and bottled under U. S. Government supervision—every bottle sealed with the Government's BOTTLED-IN-BOND STAMP—positive assurance that it is a STRAIGHT whiskey—fully aged, full 100 per cent proof and full measure—absolutely PURE to the last drop.

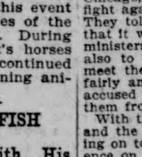
TRY it—That's all we ask. The expense is all ours if it fails to please you. Send us your order TO-DAY and be sure to address our nearest Shipping Depot.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, Div. 5129
St. Louis, Mo. Dayton, Ohio. St. Paul, Minn.
Jacksonville, Fla. New Orleans, La.

20 Distillery at Troy, Ohio. Established 1866. Capital, $500,000 Fully Paid.

BOYS and GIRLS
EARN ELEGANT WATCH AND CHAIN IN ONE DAY'S WORK



SEND NO MONEY—Simply send your name and address, and we send you, charges paid by us, 12 Beautiful Pictures, 14 inches wide, 20 inches long, no 2 alike, (stores charge $1.00 each for them). With them we send 12 boxes of our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE (in handsome tin boxes), greatest remedy known for Cuts, Sores, Piles, Eczema, Catarrh, Colds, etc.

MEN and WOMEN
EARN $3.00 DAILY
You sell the Cloverine at 25c per box and give one picture free. When sold return money and we send beautiful watch and chain, or you can keep each commission. Be first in your town. Every one buys two to three boxes after you show pictures. A doctor discovered Cloverine. Millions use it. Agents earn $3.00 a day sure. Write quick. We send Cloverine and pictures at once. Address
WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Tyrone, Pa. Dept. 236.

BLOOD POISON
CAN BE CURED
If you have ulcers, mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, eruptions, copper colored spots on the body, falling hair, swollen glands, pains in the bones, sores that were continued headaches, our special treatment will cure you. Our DR. PANTER, former chief physician of the original Cook Remedy Co., treated over 20,000 patients of that company in the last fifteen years ending May 12th, 1906, the date that company discontinued taking cases to treat. Booklet on Blood Poison, testimonials and full information about your case, FREE. Write PANTER REMEDY CO.,
Suite 372, 67 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

RING FREE

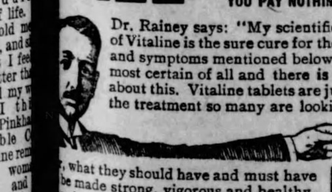
Gold filled, set with sparkling white or colored gems, guaranteed 3 years. Send your name for 6 jewelry pieces to distribute at 10c each. When sold, send us the money with the names of 5 neighbors, and get ring by return mail. Also 50 other valuable premiums for girls, women, girls and boys. Write at once for free premium catalog. Albany Supply Co., Dept. E., Chicago.

Cards Calling cards; most beautiful, for la lias; 75 for 25c. Sample free. Westlake Pub. Co., Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED. Sell our big $1 bottle Sarsaparilla for 39c. 200 per cent profit. Best seller. Finest Medicine. Complies with pure drug law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms. F. R. Green, 25 Lake st., Dept. 16, Chicago.

Sell Tobacco and Cigars—Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary—we give full instructions. Address Morotock Tobacco Works, Box E 28, Danville, Virginia.

FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline
YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT



Dr. Rainey says: "My scientific formula of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking

, what they should have and must have be made strong, vigorous and healthy. makes no difference how weak you are how long you have had your trouble, Vitaline tablets will easily overcome it—y will not fail nor disappoint you.

ERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Lost Vitality, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Tired, Worn-out Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

OMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Belch Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

EART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold Smothering Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

TARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pain in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels to be Catarrh.

LOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength. Thin, Weak, Run-Down Nerves.

FILL COUPON BELOW

by writing your name and address. Send just 10c in stamps or coin to get the bottle packed and pay postage. This is all you have to do to get a $1 bottle of Vitaline Tablets free. We give you the $1 bottle without cost or obligation to prove what a wonderful remedy Vitaline Tablets are. We know when you have taken them you'll say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine.

Vitaline tablets act on the Vital Organs that generate vitality and create the nerve force which makes one feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and health. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so fast and completely you never know there was anything the matter.

Vitaline tablets are guaranteed by us under the U. S Pure Food and Drugs Law by Guarantee No. 3877. You never had anything like them, combining their wonderful curing and strengthening powers.

We send you our illustrated book, "Vitality." You have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people cured after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline tablets.

Exact size of Bottle containing 120 Vitaline tablets.

INCLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc.
Dr. Rainey Medicine Co., Dept. 4, 152 Lake Street, Chicago. I enclose amount for postage and packing. Send at once by mail in plain package, $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost or obligation to me.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

NEW STEEL ROOFING $1.60 PER 100 SQ. FEET

Most Durable and Economical Known

Easy to put on, requires no tools but a hatchet or a hammer. With ordinary care will outlast any other kind. Thousands of satisfied customers everywhere have proven its virtues. Suitable for covering any building. Also best for ceiling and siding. FIRE-PROOF AND LIGHTNING PROOF. Cheaper and more lasting than shingles. Will not taint rain water. Makes your building cooler in summer and warmer in winter. Absolutely perfect. Brand new. $1.60 is our price for our No. 10 grade of Flat Semi-Hardened Steel Roofing and Siding, each sheet 24 in. wide and 6 or 8 ft. long. Our price on the Corrugated, like illustration, sheets 22 in. wide and 6 or 8 ft. long, $1.85. Steel Pressed Brick Siding, PER SQUARE, $1.65. Fine Steel Beaded Ceiling, PER SQUARE, $1.65. Also furnish Standing Seam and "V" Crimped Roofing. WE PAY THE FREIGHT to all points east of Colorado except Okla., Tex., and Ind. Ter. Quotations to other points on application. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED. We ship this roofing to anyone answering this Ad., C. O. D., with privilege of examination if you send us 25 per cent of the amount of your order in cash; balance to be paid after material reaches your station. If not found as represented, we will cheerfully refund your deposit. ASK FOR CATALOG NO. C. M. 297. Lowest prices on Roofing, Eave Troughs, Wire, Pipe, Fencing, Plumbing, Doors, Household Goods and everything needed on the farm or in the home.

WE BUY OUR GOODS AT SHERIFFS' AND RECEIVERS' SALES
Chicago House Wrecking Co., 35th & Iron Sts., Chicago

REAL ESTATE NOTES
Secured By
FIRST MORTGAGE ON Improved Real Estate
PAYING 5 TO 6% NET
WE OFFER FOR SALE
the unsold portion of the
Issue $50,000 $500 6% Notes of the J. H. NATIONS MEAT AND SUPPLY CO.
Security, first mortgage on the buildings 210 to 224 Mesa Ave., El Paso, Texas. All notes also personally indorsed by J. H. Nations.
Write for Descriptive Circulars
Mercantile Trust Co.
St. Louis, Missouri.
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS 4 MILLIONS.

DEFIES DANGERS

Soaring Far Above Warships in Harbor, Wright Makes Perilous Trip.

New York, Oct. 4.—Wilbur Wright, the aeroplanist, today defied the air, the water and the land in a marvelous flight over the numberless craft in New York harbor and the North River. Starting at 9: 56, the aviator headed into the wind and flew over ferry boats, yachts, steamers and other craft in the harbor.

Flying high, Mr. Wright went up the North river over the fleet of battleships and on past Grant's tomb, encircling the British cruiser Argyll. Returning at faster speed, with the wind, he came back over the water and landed at his starting point in the most matter-of-fact way possible. He had been gone for 33 minutes and 33 seconds, making one of the most perilous trips ever attempted. The distance of the flight was estimated at 15 miles.

Kept Climbing Higher.

"The machine responded in fine shape," said Mr. Wright as he clambered through the network of wires of his machine, after he landed at the aerodrome on governor's island. "The motor worked fine. I started flying about 75 feet above the water, but kept climbing higher until I was about 200 to 800 feet high. The air currents sent up by the funnels of the ferry boats interfered somewhat, and I came down nearer to the water.

"I could hear the cheers of the sailors on the warships," continued Mr. Wright, as the enthusiastic group of army officers and newspaper men that had awaited him return with keen anticipation grasped his hands to congratulate him. "The wind was blowing about 10 miles an hour, and I had to head a little toward the east, instead of pointing the machine straight up the river.

"This flight fulfills every condition of my contract, but if the favorable weather conditions continue this afternoon I may make another flight, which can be announced by the Hudson-Fulton aviation committee. I will leave for Washington to train the army officers as soon as possible."

Beats River Croft.

As the aeroplane approached the city, flying steadily, but bucking the wind, roofs of all the buildings became crowded and pleasure craft started up the river in an effort to keep up with the remarkable craft that flew above them. They were soon compelled to give up the chase, for Wright outstripped the fastest of them. As the machine flew high above the water craft, the little canoe, which Wright had previously attached to his aeroplane in the event that he would be compelled to alight on the water, was plainly visible.

As the machine pushed into the breeze, dipping slightly occasionally, as though caught by a downward trend of the air, and then again was lifted suddenly, apparently striking a disturbing air current, the absolute mastery of the aviator was strongly impressed on the spectators.

PET PIGS ATTACK OWNER

Wife Finds Missing Husband Bleeding in Sty.

Red Hill, Pa., Oct. 4.—Missing her husband, Mrs. William Renninger, after a long search found him in the pig pen, whither he had gone, as was his custom, to play with and train two young pigs to do tricks.

The wife was amazed to find Mr. Renninger bleeding from several wounds in the face and some articles of his clothing gone.

An explanation showed that the owner of the piggies had fallen asleep in the sty and the creatures had torn his cravat and collar from his neck and eaten them, as well as parts of his coat, and that they only awakened the sleeper by walking over his face and inflicting ugly gashes.

BARS ICE FROM OYSTERS

Columbus, Sept. 29.—Food Commissioner Dunlap has ruled that the addition of either water or ice to oysters is an adulteration and has ordered a discontinuation of the practice, but the trade is given to October 15 to adjust business to the new order.

The pure food departments of several states are taking similar action and express companies are ready to follow the order. Ice will have to be used on the oysters in shipment, of course, but it must not be in the same container with them.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

EXPOSE DEMANDED

Charges Against Ballinger Keep Piling Up in Washington.

Washington, Oct. 1.—When Gifford Pinchot, chief of the forestry service, returns to Washington today from his long absence in the west, he will find the fires of controversy that have involved him and Secretary of the Interior Ballinger burning as fiercely as ever, and, however amicable the cheif forester may feel after his Spokane conference with President Taft, he will find himself powerless, according to the indications, to prevent the war against Secretary Ballinger from continuing.

From hints dropped today in semi-official quarters, charges in amplification of those already made by L. H. Glavis, recently deposed by executive order from his position as chief of the field division of the general land office, will be forthcoming inside of the next three weeks. Mr. Glavis publicly announced, about 10 days ago, that he intended to lay charges relative to the interior department's dealing with the Cunningham-Alaska coal land claims before the country. It is believed the charges will appear in one of the magazines of national circulation, and it is understood that they will be supplemented by a review of affairs from the standpoint of former Secretary of the Interior Garfield—not written by Mr. Garfield, but embracing matters which the Garfield administration of interior affairs is declared to have developed and alleged to bear directly on one side of the present imbroglio.

Investigation to be Demanded.

Following the charges which soon are expected to have full publicity, a congressional investigation is to be demanded. Steps have already been taken to that end. If an investigation by a committee of congress is ordered it will mean, of course, the opening up of the official records, and, if conducted properly, a complete settlement of everything that has arisen to embitter partisan feeling and to raise the question of veracity between opposing elements. According to the partisan view of the case that finds most noticeable expression here at present, an investigation will disclose something unparalleled in high places in the government in connection with government lands and collateral matters.

It is understood that the Glavis charges are to be accompanied by many letters which will be liable to give things an added sensational interest. Some of the letters, it is understood, involve members of congress in land transactions, particularly in connection with the Cunningham claims, and these, in part, account for the declaration that the investigation which is to be sought will show a state of affairs heretofore unapproached in an expose of similar character.

Pinchot's Friends Active.

Chief Forester Pinchot, after leaving Chicago a day or two ago, stopped at Mentor, O., to see former Secretary Garfield. He will reach Washington today. It cannot be said that the visit to the former secretary of the interior has anything to do with events that are in prospect along the line indicated above, although significance is likely to be attached to it by some in view of recent developments. Mr. Pinchot's friends, as a matter of fact, have been striving to keep him out of the controversial side of the trouble, and whatever is attempted further in the way of augmenting the trouble, so to speak, will be through sources over which the chief forester is said to have no control.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, it is understood, has let it be known that he wants none of his subordinates to encourage attacks that may reflect upon another department of the government. Secretary Wilson is the direct superior of Mr. Pinchot. But there is evidence, if the smoke that is arising conceals any fire at all, that the secretary of agriculture, as well as the chief forester, is powerless to prevent a finish to what already has started. There seem to be sure-enough sensations in store for speedy development and the presence of Pinchot at the capital after the long absence during which the original controversy developed, cannot fail to give fresh interest to further developments.

To Overstey Party Lines.

Secretary Ballinger will be in the west for some time longer and it may be expected that until his return most of what is heard at this end will be from the other side of the controversy. Right now there is a lot of serious talk about the congressional investigation which it is declared will be demanded. This talk is to the effect that it will be pushed on an entirely non-partisan basis by senators and by members of the house who are bent on purifying public affairs and that it is entirely too serious to make the question one of merely safeguarding the interests of the majority party in congress. It is a matter, it is asserted, which has gone so far already that the country demands the whole truth and, therefore, that it will be found advantageous for congressmen to bring it out, regardless of party.

The persons who are talking investigation—who, it is to be understood, profess there is much that is unsavory to be uncovered—are entertaining no fears at this time of a "whitewash." They assert that members of congress who, under ordinary circumstances, would be inclined to cover up the tracks of others will not care to become involved in work that might arouse questions as to their personal interest therein. In consequence, it is argued, men are likely to be set at the investigation who will have the development of the truth as their sole incentive.

Motive Is Constructive.

On the part of those who feel that matters have gone so far that nothing can prevent further exploitation of charges respecting conservation affairs, it is held that there is no motive actuating them which primarily seeks to force anybody out of public office, or to send grafters to prison. The motive, it is declared, is constructive. It is held to involve the interests of the whole people in the conservation of resources, and of there follow developments which entangle individuals in the meshes of the law that will be incidental to the real work in hand.

As matters now stand—with particular respect to the personal aspect as it involves Secretary Ballinger and Mr. Pinchot, President Taft has expressed his confidence in both Ballinger and Pinchot, and has passed judgment against the Glavis charges. There are matters going further than the personal integrity and activities of these officials however, as to which it is declared the President has not been fully advised or as to which he may have been deceived. And the later developments are expected to throw light on this and kindred phases of the whole affair. As stated, the return to Washington now of one of the principals to the feud that has raged the past several weeks, and which at one time seemed settled by the President's action and his talks in the far west, will tend to arouse now interest by reason of the determination of others to carry on and enlarge the war.

It will be of immediate interest to watch and see whether Mr. Pinchot is able, in spite of indications, to inspire peace, if so desiring, but, as previously related, Mr. Pinchot's participation in the controversial side of the thing is declared not to be wanted.

BALLOON MISSOURI LANDS

Jefferson City, Mo., Oct. 5.—The balloon Missouri, which left St. Louis yesterday afternoon, landed safely at 8 o'clock this morning at Hibernia, Mo., eight miles east of Jefferson City.

AMERICANS IN PRISON

Mexicans Charge Piracy on High Seas and Waters of the Gulf.

Pensacola, Fla., Oct. 2.—The Mexican government has seized the American fishing schooner Colt, taken her into the port of Merida and thrown her crew into prison.

The schooner left here 15 days ago supposedly for the Campeachee fishing banks, and today came the first news of her seizure, evidently upon the charge of poaching on Mexican fishing preserves.

Owing to the seizure three years ago of one of the schooners belonging to the same firm, the master of the Colt was warned not to enter the Mexican fishing grounds, and if driven in by stress of weather to place all fishing tackle below.

Charged With Piracy.

Merida, Mex., Oct. 1.—The pilot boat Colt, suspected of being engaged in actual piracy, is lying at the docks in Progreso, and its captain, Joseph H. Schlosse, and her crew are held, pending an investigation.

The Colt was captured in Mexican waters by the gunboat Bravo and brought into this port. Captain Schlosse has admitted that the Colt is owned by on outfitting house at Pensacola. It is equipped with several rapid fire guns. The suspicious conduct of the vessel caused the Bravo to run her down and take her into port.

A corps of customs officers has been sent aboard to make in inventory of her cargo and both cargo and vessels will be declared forfeited to the government.

The capture of the vessel has created a sensation among shipping men at this port. For some time the Bravo and other Mexican gunboats have been convinced that piracy was being practied on a small scale in the gulf, but had been unable to capture any of the supposed piratical ships until the Colt was run down. It is not known what defense the captain of the seized vessel will make.

WAR CHIEF REWARDED

Secretary Dickinson Is Given Gold Medal for Rescue at Detroit.

Washington, Sept. 29.—An almost forgotten incident in which the present secretary of war, James M. Dickinson, heroically rescued James F. Joy, a Detroit lawyer, from the Detroit river 14 years ago, was recalled when a handsome, solid gold medal, suspended from a ribbon held in the beak of an American eagle, was presented Mr. Dickinson on behalf of the United States government.

The medal, approved by President Taft before his departure on his trip, and commemorating the courage of the war secretary in saving the life of a fellow man, was presented by Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Hilles.

"In testimony of heroic deeds in saving lives" reads the inscription on the medal, which also bore a laurel wreath held aloft by a woman. Touched deeply by the unexpected recognition of his act the secretary of war, with characteristic modesty, merely said:

"I did not have much time to consider what was best to be done when Joy fell into the river and if I had I might have done what Rip Van Winkle told his wife Gretchen he would do in case she fell into the water, 'Go home and think it over.'" He added that he did not know he had done anything remarkable.

Lawyers in Peril.

On Aug. 29, 1895, the American Bar association, then in session at Detroit, was entertained at St. Clair flats. The guests were conveyed there in steam yachts. Judge Dickinson, Charles H. Campbell, Frank O. Loveland and others were entertained on the steam yacht Truant, owned by Truman H. Newberry, who subsequently became secretary of the navy.

The Truant returned to Detroit at 8 o'clock that night. It was very dark, and because of piling at the outer edge of the railroad wharf the yacht lay several feet out from the dock. A small landing plank was put out, and in attempting to cross "James F. Joy, the oldest member of the Detroit bar, whose sight was defective, fell overboard. The plank was six feet above the water, which at that point was 20 feet deep. Judge Dickinson plunged into the water and rescued Joy.

There were jagged, broken piles at that point, some hidden beneath the current, but both men fortunately reached the dock unharmed. Close by on other yachts at the time were Judge Taft now president. Associate Justices Brewer and Brown of the supreme court of the United States, and other persons of prominence.

Reward Was Delayed.

The heroic act of the present war secretary went unrewarded until last May, when President Thomas H. Herndon of the American Cross of Honor applied to the secretary of the treasury for the award of a life saving medal to Mr. Dickinson to commemorate his performance. On June 25 a committee consisting of the solicitor of the treasury, the superintendent of the life saving service and the captain commandant of the revenue cutter service unanimously voted to award a medal of the first class.

Without effort at oratory or any ceremony whatever, Assistant Secretary Hilles yesterday presented the medal to Mr. Dickinson in the latter's office. He merely handed the secretary a morocco case containing the medal and informally told him of the action of the board. Mr. Dickinson thanked Mr. Hilles "for bringing it over," as he expressed it.

SUGAR SUIT TO BE SETTLED

Philadelphia, Oct. 2.—Brief proceedings before Judge Willson in common pleas court here today in the $30,000,000 suit of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining company against the American Sugar Refining company, indicate that there will be an amicable settlement of the case by the acceptance of the terms offered by the trust when the case was on trial in New York several months ago. At that time the American company offered to pay to George H. Earle, receiver of the Pennsylvania company, $750,000 and to surrender a note given for a loan of $1,250,000 by Adolph Segal, promoter of the local concern.

EPILEPSY

St.Vitus Dance, Stubborn Nervous Disorders, Fits

Free Trial Supply

respond readily and immediately to the markable treatment that has for 38 years been the standard remedy for these troubles —Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. It is prescribed especially for these diseases and is not a cure-all. Its beneficial effects are immediate and lasting. Physicians recommend it and druggists sell it. Please tell any sufferer that we will cheerfully send, without charge, a full size $2 supply in order to prove its wonderful virtues. DR. KLINE INSTITUTE, Branch 53, Philadelphia, Pa.

WALSH TO THE PRISON

Verdict Against Chicago Bank Wrecker Is Affirmed.

Chicago, Oct. 5.—Banker John R. Walsh, convicted of misapplication of the funds of the Chicago National bank, must serve the sentence of five years imprisonment imposed upon him by the trial jury, save in the event that the supreme court upsets the affirmation of the verdict of guilty handed down by the United States court of appeals here today.

Banks Closed Five Years Ago.

The three Walsh banks—the Chicago National, the Equitable Trust company and the Home Savings bank—were closed by the comptroller of the currency on December 18, 1905, nearly five years ago. At that time Walsh not only owned these institutions and the Chicago Chronicle, but owned all, or nearly all, of the stock of the following companies:

The Ansonia Gas company; the Bedford Belt Railway company; the Bedford Quarries company; the Chicago Southern Railway company; the Chicago Wharfing and Storage company; the Indiana Southern Coal company; the Illinois Southern Railway company; the Lake Michigan Car Ferry Transportation company; the Mount Olive and Stanton Coal company; the Ohio Quarries company (of Ohio); the Ohio Quarries company (of Illinois); the Southern Indiana Coal company; the Southern Indiana Railway company; the Southern Missouri Railway company, and the Wisconsin and Michigan Railway company.

According to the brief of the government on the appeal, all of these companies were bankrupt, or on the verge of it, when secured by Walsh for little or nothing. Their securities were unmarketable and practically worthless. Then, it is alleged, Walsh formed corporations to buy these companies from himself, taking in payment stock of the new corporations and enough of their bonds to repay himself at their face value for the sums he actually paid for them. In this way, according to the prosecution, he secured for nothing stocks and bonds to the face value of $30,000,000.

Dreamed of Great System.

Walsh dreamed of a great railway system to be pieced together from his scattered purchases, which would reach from the Mississippi to the Ohio, through Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Michigan to Duluth, Minn., and Superior, Wisconsin. The quarries and coal mines were to furnish much of the traffic.

To secure funds Walsh had recourse to the funds in his banks. In covering up these loans it is alleged that he used memorandum notes signed with the names of clerks who were not consulted in the matter. There was nothing on the books to show that Walsh had received the loans. Even Fred Blount, the vice president, is said to have been ignorant on the subject. For collateral Walsh deposited the securities of his various enterprises.

For two years, it is charged that Walsh ignored the demands of the comptroller of the currency that he place his banks upon a firm foundation, and when the crash came it was discovered that 66 per cent of the securities held were those of Walsh properties. Of the $25,000,000 deposits, $16,000,000 were represented by the paper and securities of the Walsh enterprises. Walsh's appeal contended that the court erred in its rulings in regard to the showing of criminal intent during the case of the United States vs. Hibbard in the appellate court. In its answering brief the government insisted that the cases were in nowise alike, and declared that the instructions given by Judge Anderson in the Walsh case were taken with scarcely the change of a word from an instruction approved by the United States supreme court in the case of Agnew vs. the United States.

Juror Palmer's Attitude.

In connection with the attack made upon the verdict of the jury because of the attitude of Juror Palmer, the government brief showed that all of the jurors, except one who is in Florida and Mr. Palmer, after the trial signed affidavits showing that Mr. Palmer reached his verdict freely and without any undue influence. The government further contended that when the jury was polled, Palmer acknowledged that the verdict was his, and at that time there was no exception taken by counsel of Mr. Walsh to the verdict, and no request was made that the jury be sent out for further deliberation. It was also pointed out that immediately after the jury was discharged that Mr. Palmer said to one of the counsel for the government: "I know Mr. Walsh is guilty, but I hate to send an old gray-haired man to the penitentiary."

AIDED BY GERMAN ARMS

Sultan Is Expected to Declare War Against Spain.

Madrid, Oct. 4.—The extension of the field operations in Africa to which the government is now committed by the dispatch of reinforcements to General Marina, the Spanish commander, is further complicated by the possibility of a regular declaration of war between Morocco and Spain.

While the cortes is closed it becomes the duty of the council of state to authorize unforeseen expenditures, and rumors are afloat today of dissensions in the council. It is understood that the military party, the influence of which is growing, now insists that the military efforts and sacrifices in Africa must be compensated by the permanent occupation of the Moroccan coast between Cape Tres Forcas and Tetuan.

King Alfonso is disposed to sympathize with the claims of the militarists, but an unexpected obstacle has arisen in the council, where the four Liberals who have been opposing the campaign in Morocco as a military adventure, have been joined by another Liberal, creating a tie in the council.

Dispatches to the Madrid newspapers from Gibraltar say that German steamers are disembarking cannon and large quantities of guns and ammunition at Moroccan ports destined for the government. Great Britain and France, it is said, have been informed of the situation, and while they are guarding neutrality they are seeking by diplomacy to prevent a collision.

Fifteen hundred Moors appeared yesterday on the heights of Mt. Minier-Lixa, but they were dispersed by the Spanish artillery. The Moors also made a feeble attack on the Spanish position at Nardor, but were repulsed

Natives coming into Melilla report that the capture by the Spanish of Zeeluan, the sacred city of the Riffe has aroused the tribes in the Hinterland, who are flocking to join Harka, the Riff leader.

The chief cause for worry over the situation is the equivocal attitude of the sultan. Fears are entertained that he may desire to incite a general war between Spain and Morocco.

There are persistent reports here that Mulai Hafid is secretly encouraging a holy war and urging the tribesmen in the vicinity of Fez to join the Riffians and expel the Christians from the country. There is no confession of this, but it is understood that several tribes have dispatched contingent to reinforce Harka, the Riffian leader.

FOREIGN SHIPS IN FETE

British, German and Dutch Cruisers Going to Frisco.

Honolulu, Oct. 2.—The British, German and Dutch cruisers Bedford, Arcona and Noord-Brabant will leave next week for San Francisco, where they will participate in the celebration of the discovery of San Francisco bay by Gaspar De Portola.

With the cruisers of the Pacific fleet anchored in the harbor, there are more sailors of different nationality ashore than at any other one time in the history of the city. The men of the various warships mingle freely and there are many friendly gatherings.

Admiral Sebree's ships have given up their coaling positions to the foreigners to permit them to get away on schedule time.

TAFT AT GOLDEN GATE

Oakland and Berkeley Are First to Give Him a Warm Reception.

San Francisco, Oct. 5.—With the arrival of the private car Mayflower at the Sixteenth station in Oakland at 7:20 o'clock this morning, President Taft began one of the most strenuous days of his trip.

After breakfast, Mayor Hodghead, of Berkeley, accompanied by a reception committee of 20 citizens, boarded the Mayflower and extended a formal welcome to the President. The Mayflower was then switched to the Berkeley line and at 8 o'clock the party left the train for automobiles and carriages which were waiting at Center street station, Berkeley.

Through streets rendered almost impassable by crowds of cheering people, the President was driven to the campus of the University of California. Under escort of the university cadets he was taken to the Greek open air theatre, where he was given a public reception. When he appeared on the stage he received an ovation from a crowd of 10,000 citizens and students.

Reviews School Children.

After the reception the party re-entered the conveyances and were driven to the football field, where 6,000 school children of Berkeley were gathered.

The famous Taft smile was much in evidence during his passage through the college town. He was highly pleased with the spontaneous outbreak which greeted his appearance at the Greek theatre. Another feature of the Greek theatre reception which charmed the President was the appearance there of the Philippine constabulary band, which furnished the music for the occasion.

From Berkeley the President and the members of his party will proceed in outomobiles to the Key Route Inn in Oakland, where the official welcome of that city will be extended by Mayor Mott. At the Inn a detachment of the Thirtieth United States infantry will be drawn up and a company of marines will form part of the escort in a combined military and civic parade.

At Lake Merritt, the parade will be halted long enough for the President to make a brief address, and the line of march will be flanked on each side by school children.

Will Cross to 'Frisco.

The official schedule provides that the party shall board the revenue launch Golden Gate for the trip across San Francisco bay. On the launch the Oakland reception committee will surrender the President to San Francisco. Luncheon will be served on board the Golden Gate.

The official parade in San Francisco will be followed by the laying of the cornerstone of the new Young Men's Christian association building. President Taft later will attend a reception at the Union League club, and will then retire to his hotel for a brief rest in preparation for the banquet in his honor tonight.

FLOCK TO BATTLE

Great Number Mass on the Heights That Surround Zeluan.

Madrid, Oct. 5.—The Imparcial today confirms the report that the Moors south Zeluan have received numerous reinforcements from the Renl-Burriaguel and Azza tribes. Riffs to the number of 10,000 are now entrenching themselves on the heights surrounding Zeluan.

France Grows Anxious.

Paris, Oct. 5.—The preparations for the extension of Spain's operations in Morocco involving the sending of heavy reinforcements are creating increasing uneasiness in Paris. The Petit Parian, a journal owned by Minister of Commerce Duppy, in what is believed to be an inspired article, says today that Spain's program seems to go beyond the object originally communicated to the powers, and provokes apprehension in Europe, especially in London and Paris.

The colonial authorities of Algeria, the article says, have notified Paris of the existence of a fanatical excitement in the interior and speak of danger along the Algerian frontier if General Marina, the commander of the Spanish forces in Morocco, attempts to push his expedition southward from Zeluan. In conclusion the paper intimates that the reports from the interior of Spain indicate that there is grave danger of serious trouble at home as soon as the country is denuded of troops.

The Spanish embassy here is under heavy guard night and day, as it is feared that the Barcelona revolutionists are plotting the assassination of the Marquis Del Munt, the Spanish ambassador, as a means of forcing the government to abandon its repressive measures in Catalonia.

OMAHA BECOMES FAIRLY QUIET

Bottles, Bullets and Stones Fly, but Otherwise Peace Prevails.

Omaha, Neb., Oct. 5.—Aside from a collision br two due to the inexperience of motormen and a few cases of missile throwing at cars, the street car situation was practically normal last night.

The most serious collision was the one in which Conductor A. J. Sullivan and Motorman J. J. Griffin were injured. No passengers are reported hurt. Conductor F. H. Howard was struck by a bottle thrown through the car windows. Leon Talbert, a truck driver, was arrested.

Police Captain Powers, of South Omaha, fired his pistol to intimidate a crowd which was throwing stones at a car at Jefferson street and Railroad avenue, and John Witzgall, who claimed to be only a passerby was hit in the hand. The wound is not serious.

The attendance at the Ak-Sar-Ben carnival yesterday and last night exceeded that of any previous year for the same night.

PEARY IS CONGRATULATED

New York, Oct. 5.—The following message from President J. G. Schurman, of Cornell University, to Commander Peary, has been received in this city from Ithaca, N. Y.:

"Robert E. Peary, New York: Cordial congratulations on your discovery of the north pole. Superb triumph of organization, skill and endurance. Only regret Marvin is not here to share in your triumphs."

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FOE OF REFORM DIES

Grand Councillor of China, Chang-Chi-Tung, Victim of Paralysis.

Peking, China, Oc. 5.—Chang-Chi-Tung, grand councillor of China, died at 9:45 o'clock last night.

Chang-Chi-Tung, who was one of the three members of the grand council of China, had been in the government service practically all his life. He was formerly viceroy of Shang-Sha, and was made a grand councillor in 1907. He was director-general of the Hankow-Sze-Chuen railroad and took a prominent part in the negotiations concerning the loan to China by foreign interests of $30,000,000 for the construction of this line. His anti-foreign tendencies appeared during these negotiations.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate Chang-Chi-Tung last May, and in July of this year he was stricken with paralysis.

Minister Crane Recalled.

San Francisco, Oct. 5.—Charles R. Crane, newly appointed minister from the United States to China, was recalled to Washington by a telegram from Secretary Knox. Mr. and Mrs. Crane were to have sailed on the transport Thomas for the Orient.

Mr. Crane stated that the telegram merely requested his return to the capital, as there were certain phases of the eastern situation with which the secretary of state did not think he was fully acquainted.

"I will return to Washington tomorrow," said Mr. Crane, when he was asked as to the recall, while seated at a banquet given in his honor by the Chinese chamber of commerce. "I am waiting over one day in order to attend the banquet at which President Taft will be present. I expect to leave for the Orient on the steamer Korea, which sails October 20."

Mr. Crane declared he did not know what matters Secretary Knox desired to discuss with him. "I did not see Mr. Knox before I left Washington," he said. "He was not in the city. I suppose something has arisen or been called to his attention which he thinks I should know before I go to my post. I do not know what it may be."

Railroad Questions Involved.

Washington, Oct. 5.—The departure of Charles B. Crane, recently appointed minister to China, for his new post, has been delayed, it is believed at the state department, in order that Secretary Knox may consult with him in regard to the recent developments in the Hankow railroad case, and possibly some questions involved in the Manchurian railway in China and Japan. Secretary Knox is expected to return to Washington this week, and Mrs. Crane probably will arrive here from San Francisco soon afterwards. It is not expected that Mr. Crane will be detained beyond a few weeks, at most.

FOUR AVIATORS STILL ALOFT

Two Contestants in European Race Have Landed.

Zurich, Oct. 5.—Le Blanc, one of the contestants in the international race for the Gordon Bennett balloon cup, which started from here on Sunday, landed at Zarzriva, Hungary, yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Beauclair, one of the Swiss contestants, landed this afternoon at Possnitz, in Silesa.

Four of the participants in the contest, including Mix, the American pilot, now remain to be accounted for. Mix was last heard from on Monday afternoon in Bohemia, where he dropped a dispatch saying that he was traveling to the northeastward.

GOING TO NEW ORLEANS

Armed Cruisers Get Ready for Southern Trip.

Norfolk, Va., Oct. 5.—The armored armored cruisers Montana and North Carolina arrived in Hampton Roads this morning, following their participation in the Hudson-Fulton naval pageant in New York harbor. They will go to the Norfolk navy yard for docking and repairs, preparatory to their departure with the battleship Mississippi and the cruiser New York for New Orleans for the, for the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterways convention.

AUTOS MUST BE LIGHTED

Automatic Lamp Will Not Satisfy Law, Says Denman.

Columbus, Oct. 5.—Attorney-General Denman has rendered an opinion to the state automobile department to the effect that an apparatus for lighting the lamps of an automobile only when the machine is in motion will not comply with the state law, which provides that such machines must be lighted "when driven and in operation on the roads of the state."

The inquiry was made by a Tiffin firm, who have a device by which electricity for lighting the lamps is developed by the automobile machinery as it runs.

When the machine stops the lights go out and the attorney-general shows that such a "dark" machine standing on a highway becomes a menace.

ARE SENTENCED AS TRAITORS

Thirty Subjects of Austria Will Be Imprisoned.

Agran, Austria, Oct. 5.—After a trial lasting seven months, sentences were handed down today in the cases of 52 school teachers, priests and other persons charged with connection with what is known as the "Servia conspiracy." The prisoners were accused of high treason in participating in a movement for the Union of Croatia, Slavonia and Bosnia to Servia, even carrying the propaganda among the troops of the Austro-Hungarian army. Thirty of the accused are condemned to terms of rigorous imprisonment varying from four to 12 years, and 22 were acquitted.

In view of the possibility of an outbreak on the part of the supporters of the "Greater Servia" idea the garrison here has been strengthened and the judges and the public prosecutor are being guarded.

GENERAL ELECTION PROBABLE

Viscount Morley Speaks About "The Coming Struggle."

London,, Oct. 5.—The first definite announcement from a member of the cabinet of the possibility of a general election was made at Manchester yesterday by Viscount Morley, of Blackburn, secretary of state for India, who mentioned "the coming struggle." Lord Morley said that without revealing a cabinet secret, he might say that the test shortly would be made.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Oct. 2.—Bradstreets in today's issue says:

With the advent of cooler fall weather this week an important bar to fullest trade development has been made, and final distribution has been enlarged.

Railway traffic is expanding and idle cars have about disappeared from the list as the crop, industrial and general merchandise movements have expanded. Industrial reports are still of expansion, and the trades allied to the iron and steel industries are returning reports of full or extra time.

In the textile trades there are evidences that buyers and sellers are still apart on the question of prices of manufactured cottons. High raw material—the highest, in fact, recorded for years at this period—renders manufacturers disinclined to look freely at existing quotations. It is true some buyers for next spring and summer are evincing a willingness to pay advanced prices, and quotations are certainly firmer or higher as a whole, but a good portion of the rade still hangs off.

Manufacturers, on the other hand, appear indifferent, and are discussing curtailment of production to bring about the claimed-to-be-needed readjustment.

In the woolen goods trade cancellations of early profuse orders has cleared the air of uncertainty as to the real proportions of business booked. some purely speculative ordering having been written off, but those goods and raw wool remain in a very strong position.

In the leather trades export demand is reported better for sole leather, with prices strong, while upper leather hides and lemand for shoes from eastern

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Oct. 5.—Premiums for winter wheat offset lower cables, heavy receipts and weak demand in the northwest and generally favorable weather. Cash opened ¼c advanced at $1.18 2-3, December ¼c higher at $1.19¼, and May ¼c up at $1.19⅝. Cash lost ¼c in the first half hour but the two futures were stronger to this extent. On the whole the foreign crop summary was favorable to selling interests. There was a big increase in the European visible supply. At midday, Liverpool was dull but firm with values ⅛d to ¼d lower than yesterday.

Primary receipts were fairly heavy. In the southwest arrivals exceeded those of a week and a year ago. A few export sales were reported from Manitoba. Toledo cash closed ½c up at $1.19, December 1c higher at $1.20, and May ¾c advanced $1.20¾. Liverpool closed unchanged.

Corn was weakened by a continuation of liberal interests and a weak cash demand. Short interest was reported heavy. In the Toledo market, prices were ½c down at the outset, December starting at 58⅛c and May at 60⅞c.

Cash corn finished 1c off at 61½c, December ⅝c up at 59c, and May ⅞c higher at 61⅞c.

Oats was higher in the face of large stocks and limited demand. December opening ¼c higher at 41⅞c, gained ¼c in the initial half hour. May started steady at 43¾c.

There was a weak feeling in cash, the close being ½c down at 41c. December closed ⅝c up at 41⅞c, and May ⅛c up at 43⅛c.

Clover seed opened somewhat slower and with a weak undertone. Cash started 5c off at $8.95, October 5c down at $9.12½, December 5c off at $9.22½ and March 5c lower at $9.30.

Receipts were 144 bags against 1,027 a year ago. Cash closed 5c off at $8.95, October 7½c lower at $9.10, December 7½c off at $9.20, and March 10c down at $9.25.

	TOLEDO.				
				Close—	
Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Oct. 5.	Oct. 4.
Cash	1.18⅝	....	1.18¼	1.19	1.18½
Dec	1.19¾	....	....	1.20	1.19
May	1.18⅞	....	1.19	1.20¼	1.19½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	61¼	62½
Dec	58¼	59⅝	....	59	58⅝
May	60⅞	....	....	61⅝	61
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	41	41½
Dec	41¾	....	....	41⅞	41½
May	43¾	....	....	43⅞	43⅝
Clover Seed—					
Cash, old	8.95	....	....	8.95	9.00
Oct	9.12½	....	....	9.10	9.17½
Dec	9.22½	....	....	9.20	9.27½
March	9.30	....	....	9.25	9.35
No. 2	....	....	....	8.80	....
No. 3 (old)	....	....	....	....	8.50
Rejected	....	....	....	8.05	8.05
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	75	75
No. 3	....	....	....	72	72
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.85	1.85
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.25	8.15
Oct	....	....	....	8.25	8.15
Dec	....	....	....	8.30	8.20
March	....	....	....	8.40	8.30

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec	99⅞	1.01⅛	....	1.01	999⅞
May	1.02	1.03	....	1.02⅞	1.02⅛
July	99	....	....	98⅛	....
Corn—					
Dec	57	57⅝	56⅞	57⅝	57
May	59⅛	60⅛	59⅝	60	59⅝
Oct	590	59⅝	....	59⅛	59⅛
July	59⅜	....	....	59⅝	59⅛
Oats—					
Dec	39	41⅞	38⅝	39½	39
May	41⅜	41⅞	41⅛	41⅝	41½